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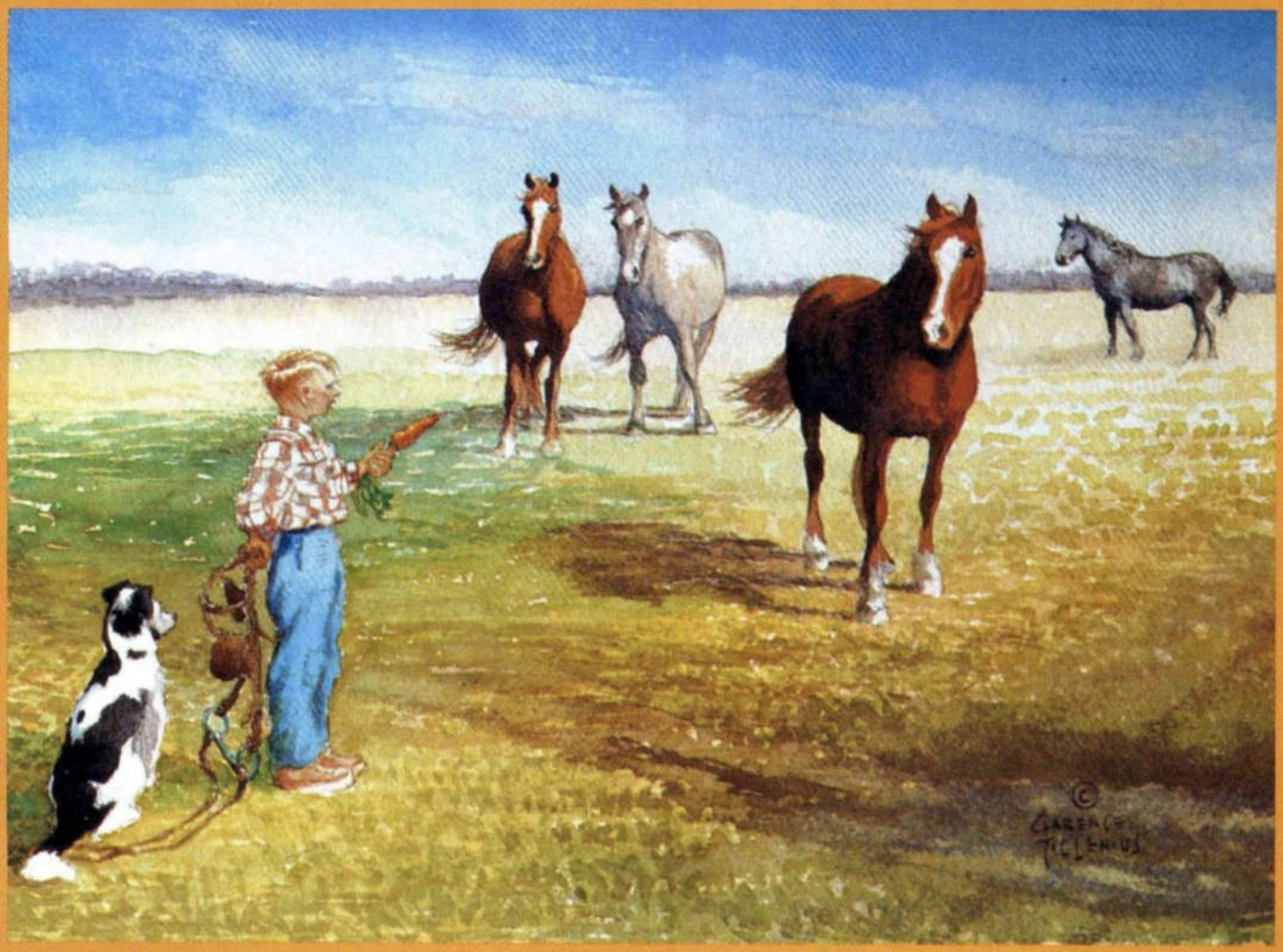
The Beaver

EXPLORING · CANADA'S · HISTORY

A Childhood on the Farm
By Canoe to York Factory
The Unquiet Grave



The Beaver

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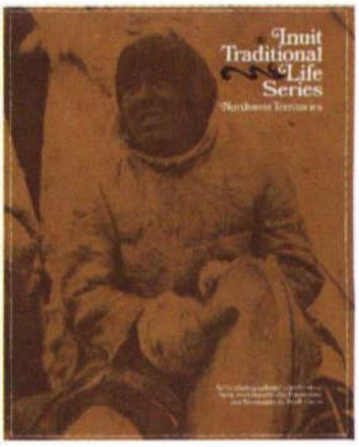

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The Beaver

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HOMESTEAD DAYS:
Evening Chores

Historically 'Correct'

There is a story, undoubtedly apocryphal, about two Victorian matrons watching, in shocked embarrassment, a performance of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. As sensation followed sensation, from adultery to suicide, one blushing lady turned to her companion and remarked, "How unlike the home life of our own dear Queen!"

We may laugh, but who among us has not, on occasion, assumed a similar attitude toward the customs and the people of the past? The temptation to feel superior is strong. It is easy enough, after all, to overlook the fact that Attila the Hun never signed the Geneva Convention and we should always try to remember that Mary I knew nothing of the ecumenical movement.

"The future," as G.R. Elton has reminded us, "is dark, the present burdensome; only the past, dead and finished, bears contemplation." It is important to keep in mind the fact that the past is "dead and finished". Nothing changes there. People are as they were, events are as they happened. Nothing can be gained or altered by us being shocked by what people did and said in the past. They will not change their ways and our tears will not blot out a line of their story. The past is as we find it.

People, nevertheless, feel guilty about things that happened in the past. They wish that the past had been otherwise. They find it difficult to contemplate the fact that those who lived in the past did not necessarily behave as good, decent citizens are expected to act today. They used words that we would not use and had ideas and notions that we may regard as backward and wrong.

Can history give offence? Can the standards of modern "correctness" be expected of the men and women of former times?

The ideal professional historian casts a cool eye upon yesterday, taking what is found there with a degree of equanimity. The task at hand is to discover, as nearly as possible, what happened, why it happened and what it all signifies. A thousand shreds of evidence are assembled to produce a likeness of times past and the men and women of that era.

Like the case-hardened policeman who views the bloodstains without emotion, the professional historian attempts to be detached, cool and scientific, accepting what is found and following the trail of footprints wherever it leads.

There is no rule that history has to be pleasant or that unpleasant things are best left unrecorded. The best historians feel a compelling urge to uncover the truth, whatever it might be and however disconcerting the details. The study of history is not for the faint-hearted.

The fact that time past is "dead and finished" does not mean that the present stands apart and aloof from what went before. We are the inheritors of our history; what was done and said before has helped to shape the present and we have to contend with the outcome of what was once done and we must harvest the often-bitter fruit.

Queen Victoria and family: A blameless home life

We live in an era in which there is a powerful impulse toward conformity. There are strong pressures today to adopt prevailing standards of conduct and attitudes of mind. The suggestion has been made that there is one way to be good, one path to the temple of truth. "And why not?" we are asked. "If something is good and right, why shouldn't everybody embrace it?"

This desire that everybody should be "correct" is not something new. It has been encountered from time to time throughout recorded history. Cities have been burned in its name and populations have been put to the sword. The certainty of today is of a more peaceful and loving nature, but it is often just as insistent that it speaks for the powers of the universe and it does not hesitate to suggest that everybody should fall into step.

This push for "perfection" in a demonstrably imperfect world has led, with the inevitability of sunrise, to suggestions that it might be a good idea to tidy up the past and perhaps draw a curtain over certain aspects of history that may be too painful or distressing to contemplate.

Not long ago, for example, I read an essay that suggested that certain old journals should be placed on a sort of "reserve" list in archival vaults because their authors had unfashionable ideas and opinions regarding certain minority groups. To read these journals, some of them written 200 years ago, might tend to perpetuate racial stereotypes and cause unhappiness among people whose ancestors were belittled or spoken badly of. The fact remains that such journals are a part of the record of the past and without them our picture of yesterday is incomplete or distorted. People did hold these views, however wrong we may think them, and they did act and think in certain ways. We have to face up to what really was.

All this, of course, does not mean that we have to feel guilty about what our ancestors did or thought. We are not responsible for Christopher Columbus or Napoleon although we have inherited a world they helped to shape. They lived in their time, we live in ours. We can study those who went before and learn lessons from them, but we cannot change history and there is no need for us to apologize for what they did. If we learn the lessons that history can teach, the past is accounted for and the ghosts laid.

Human beings have a curious tendency to go to extremes. So it is with history. For some, the urge is to glorify the past, imagining that former societies were undoubtedly far superior to ours. Ancient North America, in this view, was a slip of Arcadia, the best of all possible worlds, where all was harmony and peace. Ancient North America was a remarkable place and its story has only been partly told, but it was a region of the real world and its inhabitants were real people. If we idealize them, we cannot understand them or learn from them.

While some bathe the past in a rosy glow, others take pains to show the past in the worst possible light. Because the men and women of the past do not appear to conform to some modern notion of perfection, they are portrayed as demons, capable only of deceit, cruelty and hypocrisy. Those who cannot bring themselves to view the past dispassionately seem to feel compelled to divide the ancestors into two groups, the worthy and the unworthy. The world, past or present, is never that simple.

A sixteenth-century European vision of an Arcadian America. This idealized view of the past persists in some minds to this day and has given rise to the belief that pre-Columbian America was as peaceful and innocent as the Garden of Eden.

An idealized Laura Secord, dressed for a tea party, escorts her cow through American lines on her celebrated mission to bring secret information to the British during the War of 1812-1814. The cow was a mid-nineteenth century invention and Mrs. Secord had a much more unpleasant and harrowing journey than is depicted here.

It is never easy to come at the truth and in many instances it may well be impossible to arrive at. We can sift the known facts, interpret them as best we can, add a measure of inspiration and imagination and arrive at something that may be like the truth to some degree, but never the final word on the subject.

The past, even the fairly recent past, is farther away than we suppose. We view it dimly, as through a mist. People and events come into view and vanish. If we could know them, we might better know ourselves. Divided by time and change, we are tempted to create a past that conforms to our notion of how things should have been or to punish those who came before for not living up to our unreasonable expectations of perfection. "When you shall these unlucky deeds relate, speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate . . . ," said Othello in Shakespeare's play. It was sound advice.

— **Christopher Dafoe**

HOMESTEAD DAYS

Clarence Tillenius Remembers A Boyhood on the Family Farm

It is Sunday morning on the farm. From our earliest days on the homestead it was a custom never questioned that all work except the necessary feeding of the animals and poultry and the inevitable morning and evening chore of milking was suspended: Sundays were free. Long after the homestead days were over and many decades after leaving the farm I recorded that custom in the painting "No Work On Sunday", since the horses that had toiled faithfully for us from Monday through Saturday were now turned out to graze where they wished and revel in their welcome day of freedom.

Even if they were full fed — with no desire to go out to graze — they had then the pleasure of standing drowsily, basking in the rays of the afternoon sun, as our old white horse King is doing or within the barn where the old bell cow stands sleepily chewing her cud while the barn cat curls up on her back for an afternoon nap.

But on Monday what a change of scene! Now the hours of freedom were at an end: the workhorses were to come to the barn to be harnessed in preparation for leaving for the hay field. Some came willingly, having been since colthood trained to look on it as their duty. Others having perhaps taken to the yoke later in life looked with a jaundiced eye on all the blandishments of man.

Usually, though, even for hard-core standouts, a half-bucket of oats would prove an irresistible lure. Sometimes even a carrot would suffice. With some individuals, though, the simmerings of rebellion never quite extinguished and the spirit of their free-roaming mustang fore-fathers might suddenly boil up and we would have a halter-breaker. For special favorites a slice of bread sprinkled with salt or even that rare delicacy an apple would overcome suspicion and win the equine heart.

Sometimes an old retainer grown grey in the service might be retired from heavy duty and then might become the transport system for young scholars, especially in spring or fall when heavy rains turned the trails into muddy quagmires.

In the hot, sweaty work of building the haystacks as the summer haying season came into full swing the need to supply the hard-working hay-makers with lunch and coffee became both the duty and pleasure of a young daughter or son of the house. Rover or Shep was also usually much in evidence, nosing for meadow mice around the upended haycocks, while the humans took their break for lunch.

As summer became autumn activity shifted to the harvest fields and every evening while topping the load we scanned the sky anxiously hoping the dry weather would last till the crops were in.

With the coming of winter and sledding snow came the hauling home of the stacked hay, sometimes heading out in the bitter morning cold with tingling fingers and freezing feet, but heading home snugged down in the hayload warm and comfortable.

With nightfall, back home on the farm, the evening rituals began, and these I painted as "Evening Chores", "Special Service" and "Milking Time".

So, as the chores and pleasures of each season passed into the limbo of memory, together they became for us "The Homestead Days". ♦

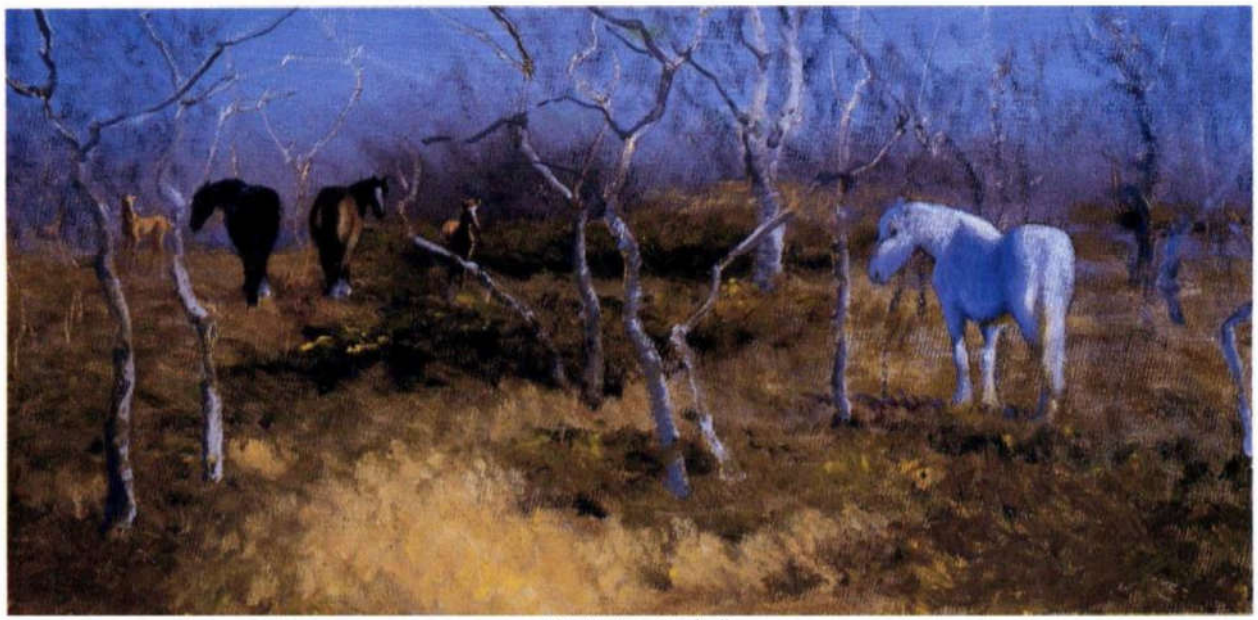
Manitoba wildlife artist Clarence Tillenius grew up on a farm in the Interlake region of his home province. Mr. Tillenius has been a contributor to "The Beaver" since the 1940s.

"Topping the Load"

"The Halter Breaker"

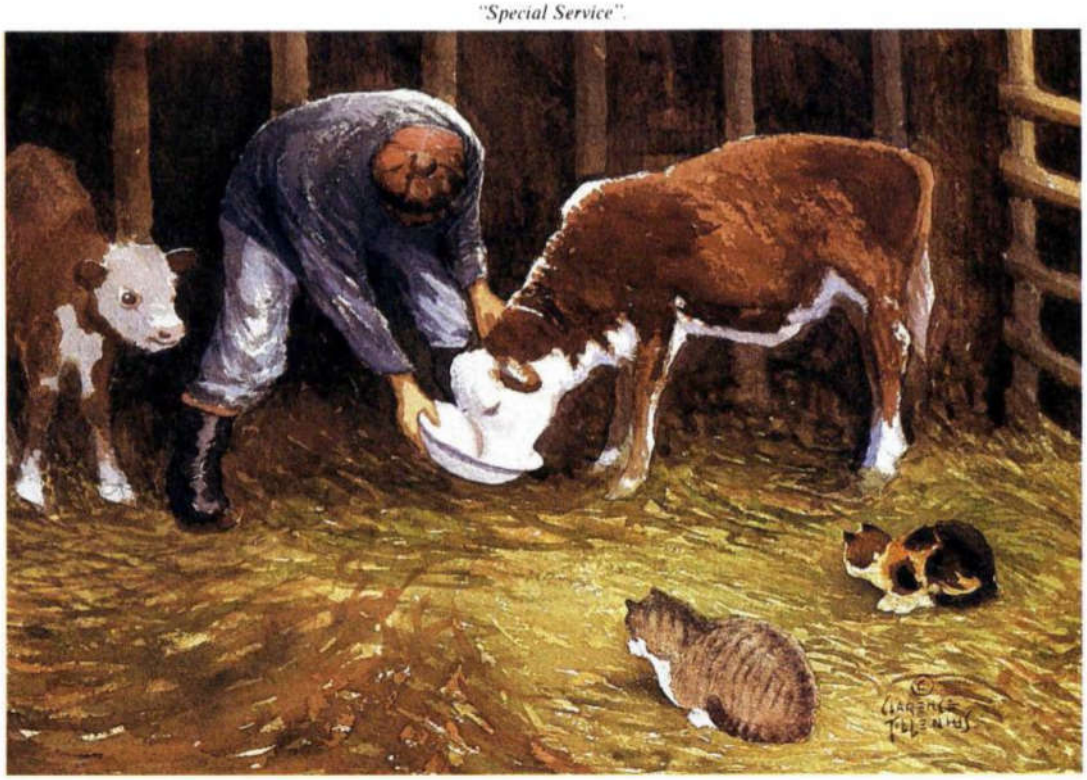
"The Bell Cow".

"Warming in the Afternoon Sun".



"No Work on Sunday".

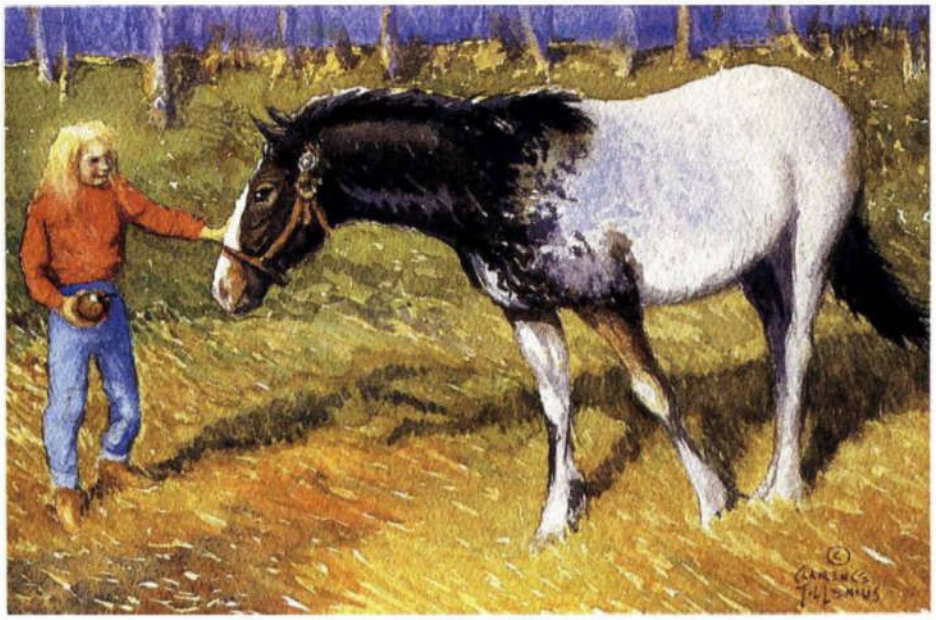
"Special Service".



"May Be Late For School Today".

"Milking Time".

"Break For Lunch".



"Just One Bite".

"Evening Ritual".

"Heading Home".

WORK AND PLAY ON THE FRONTIER

Children of the Farm

By Jean Cochrane

Stephen Radcliffe was 11 when, in about 1852, he learned how to break new ground with a primitive plow, walking behind his father's oxen:

> "Now then", my father said, "when the cattle start up, lift on the handles and put the plow in about six inches deep." I did as I was told, but the plow ran to the right. "Press heavy with your right hand," he said. I did so, but the plow jumped out of the ground. The oxen were backed up and another start made. This time the plow went in to the beam. "Press hard with both hands" was the order, and the plow jumped out again. After making some more holes in the ground, my father rushed for the house, and did not come back until the field was finished.

The next spring, his lessons learned, Stephen broke five acres of sod, and the treacherous plow caught on a root. "The handles flew up and skinned my breast bone and hit me in the jaw." Neither accident nor illness stopped the work:

> The doctor gave me medicine and said I must be taken good care of or I would go into a decline. Father brought my medicine out to the field where I was working the team, putting in the crop, so I would not lose time coming in after it. My nose bled a lot for years after that, and I was quite thin.

There was not necessarily cruelty or a lack of love in this kind of treatment. Wherever the frontier spread in Canada, the wind blew chill around rough cabins and backwoods homesteads. There was very little money. There was urgency. Children were assets.

In 1854, in *A Canadian Settler's Guide,* Catherine Parr Traill referred to the contentment of immigrants "surrounded by the comforts they have won for their children". Then, in a less sentimental vein, she pointed out how useful those children could be from just past the toddler stage. They could gather eggs, carry wood, make candles, maple sugar and syrup. They could round up, feed and groom animals, sweep the house, shovel the barn, pick hops and berries and tend gardens. They could, and they did. They pioneered beside their parents, sharing the dangers, the loneliness, and the constant, strenuous effort to build a living and a life.

Benjamin Rothwell was born in Ottawa in 1835. His family moved to the backwoods of central Ontario, and he was sent from Stratford to Bradford, walking about 260 kilometers, to tell friends about some new lands open for sale. He was 13 years old.

As an adult, he wrote about helping to clear his family's own acres of untouched bush and forest:

> Though not lazy, I think still that I never worked contentedly on the farm. I had a great dread of working alone, being somewhat inclined to gloominess. But I helped my father at many slavish pieces of work.

Gloomy and discontented he might be, but he took a pioneer's fierce delight in the immediate results of his efforts. "The work of clearing up a new farm, though laborious, had attractions," he later wrote. "There's something bordering on the sublime in tumbling those mighty giants of the forests in wild confusion. Then in the summer season, the piling together of the immense crop of timber is a beautiful exercise. Then the burning of those stacks is really beautiful, especially at night."

In 1864, the travails of a young homesteader were given heroic treatment in a work of fiction published in England to capitalize on the interest in emigration and the imagined romance of pioneering. It was stirringly titled, *George Stanley or Life in the Woods: A Boy's narrative of the Adventures of a Settler's Family in Ontario.* A passage reads:

> To water the horses I used to sally out in a thick great coat with the ears of my cap carefully tied down to prevent frostbite; a thick worsted cravat around my neck and thick mitts on my hands. The floor of the stable was, invariably, a sheet of ice, and over this I had to get out the two horses, letting the one out over the icy slope at the door and then holding the halter till the second one had slid past me.
>
> Of course they were in no hurry, and would put their tails up to the wind and drink a minute then look around at their leisure as if it were June. By the time they were done their mouths and chins were often coated with ice. Right glad was I when at last I had them fairly back again and had knocked out the balls of snow from their shoes to let them stand firm.

There is little of heroism or romance in the picture that emerges from real childhood memories of homesteading preserved in archives and interviews. There is acceptance, humour, some bitterness, and an obvious eagerness to break the mold, to find a wider world and release from the never-ending chores.

Farms were home to nearly half of all Canadians right up through the 1940s. By then, of course, many of them were mature and prosperous, but there were also still homesteads, isolated and remote, where primitive conditions lingered. It continued to be the way hundreds of families got a start. In 1923 the CPR carried 58,000 immigrants, many of them on their way to open up parts of the Prairies and Northern Ontario. During the 1930s Quebec actively encouraged families to leave towns to take up farming on undeveloped land.

Mary Papp's family moved to Langenberg, Manitoba, about 1890. They slept under the wagon en route from Winnipeg, and one of the babies died during the trip. Their first home was a cave scooped in the side of a hill. The second was a log house plastered with

Opposite page: Boy plowing with his father, Swan River Valley, Manitoba, about 1915. Below: Years of hard work by adults and children were needed to create a well-ordered farm.

United Church Archives

United Church Archives

A log house was home on this pioneer farm in Alberta.

mud and roofed with sod. Mary and her sister Katie, with men's clothes over their dresses, herded cattle, slopped the pigs, milked the cows, and told each other stories to lighten the drudgery while they weeded grain fields and picked stones.

Another recalled childhood on a homestead near Indian Head, Saskatchewan, in the 1920s:

> When I was 12 I could hitch a six-horse team as fast or faster than my father. He was very proud of that, and I was ashamed, because I hated the farm. I could do the harrowing and some plowing, though not with the biggest plow. I had no brothers. My sister and I milked five cows morning and evening, and we had to keep the barns clean and feed the pigs, and if things weren't done when Dad came in, he'd be furious and bat us around. We had a half section and a quarter section and when I was 11 or 12 I never spent a full year in school, because I had to stay out to seed and harvest. But I was a day-dreamer. I read everything I could from the travelling libraries sponsored by the Homemakers' Club. A lot of it didn't mean a thing, except that I knew there was something better.

For farm children there were as many chores around the house as in the fields and barnyard. The wood stove that was often cook stove and heater had to be fed constantly, usually by a boy:

> The first thing my dad ever bought me, when I was about seven, was a hatchet so I could chop kindling.

A young boy enters the barn to begin the chores of a winter morning, date and location unknown.

United Church Archives

Glenbow Museum

The children of Gleichen, Alberta, pioneer Walter James combine work and play, circa 1900.

There were 10 kids finally, and I was the oldest. Chop wood, chop wood, all the bloody time. My mother was always after me to have enough kindling to start the stove in the morning.

Girls did not always work in the fields, but there were plenty of other jobs to keep them busy. Oil lamps and chimneys needed cleaning. Steel kitchen knives were polished with brick dust. Clothes were boiled and washed by hand. "My sister and I scrubbed the wood floor regularly with brushes, on either side of a bucket. We used lye and lard, and sand to give it grit," one woman recalled later. Girls learned to make butter and honey, preserve fruit, vegetables and eggs, to smoke meat and store root vegetables.

There were large meals for large families, and larger meals for work parties. Mabel Sanderson writing of the early 1900s, said dinner for men's work bees included boiled potatoes and turnips, onions and carrots, roast beef, gravy, applesauce, tea biscuits, bread, butter, home-made pickle and ketchup and two kinds of pie. And there was the washing up afterward.

There were clothes to make and mend and alter. "Mother made every stitch we wore". Mabel recalled. "She would even start with sheep's wool, washing and spinning it. That's what you did in the winter before you went to school, you would help her pick the wool." Mabel helped to turn 100 lb. flour bags into pillowcases and tea towels. Five of them made a sheet, she remembered. And there were babies. "When there was a new baby I was taken to my grandmother's. We'd go home and they'd say, 'Have we got a surprise for you!', and I'd say, 'Oh, Ma, not another one for me to look after.' That was the only thing I resented."

Children were sometimes loaned out to work for other people, sometimes even before immigrant families reached their final destinations. Mrs. Traill warned parents to be sure to note where and with whom they left a child along their long, poorly charted route. Otherwise, they might never be reunited. The practice continued as long as there were isolated homesteads. It might be done to ease the load at home when there were too many mouths to feed. It was sometimes done in the hope of giving the child a chance to go to school, to learn a trade, to live in a better place than a lonely farm far from opportunity.

Annie Tuttle, looking back late in the nineteenth century on her Nova Scotia girlhood, wrote of her young self: "I had my 10th birthday on August 3,

United Church Archives

Man and children digging potatoes on frontier farm, 1898.

1849. Sometime in March, my Uncle Albert Lockhart came to Mother one day and said — I see and hear him yet — 'Olive, can Annie go over and help Agnes for a time?' Mother replied, 'She can go if she wants to go,' and Annie went. I am not sure that she wanted to go. I have an idea that she had already discovered the hardness of the struggle father had to meet the expenses of the growing family, and she wanted to help. So for nine months only I was their help. I could tell of different duties that fell to my lot. Mixing the buckwheat pancakes and getting up before daylight and frying them for breakfast."

Annie got homesick, and went back to her parents for about a year. Then, lured by the promise of schooling, she went to another uncle's to mind another baby and help out generally:

> Early in 1851 I was taken hundreds of miles from the home of my childhood and transplanted into very different surroundings in the home of my uncle. I do not know what it cost my parents to give me to uncle, they were so reticent. I do not remember that they even kissed me, but as the years have rolled around I have discovered that they had deep affectionate natures and loved their children even though they did not shew it except in their self sacrifices. And I believe this was one of them. All my little belongings were packed in a round basket made by our Indians. In this basket was placed a piece of my mother's ginger bread and although my stay was nearly a year and a half, yet I kept a bit of that ginger bread, a something that linked me to the home left behind.

She said her uncle thought he had adopted her, but that "aunty was exacting", and she wouldn't stay adopted. She didn't get the promised chance to attend the school. "I proved too good a nurse girl to get to school over much. I remember calculating at the time that I got six months out of the 16 that I was in Chatham."

Annie bounced back and forth between uncle and parents for several years, but even when she went home, it was to help cook and clean and knit and look after her own sisters and brothers, who numbered eleven until two of them died.

Forty-odd years later, young Gavin Green fared better. He worked just as hard as general all-purpose help, but he did get to go to school: "As there were five boys in our family, sometimes we were on short rations. Well, there was a farm had no boys and wanted a school boy to do the chores night and morning for his board. This was in the winter. "I had lots of chores to do, as the boss and hired man teamed wood to Goderich every day. I was well fed, but lonesome. The daughter would not play with her father's chore boy, so I had to play by myself when I got my work done. I was at this place about six weeks when I got fired. One morning when I came up for breakfast, the mistress said to me, 'Take that grease and grease Amelia's shoes.' I said, 'I will not.' 'Well, then get your breakfast and go home.' The word home sounded good to me."

His next billet had its own drawbacks: "I was soon lent out again for my bed and board. I was well fed at Quaid's, but the bed part! Nice bed, but my bedfellow, the hired man, was a big husky Scotchman with big black bushy whiskers, and when he undressed for bed I was scared of him, as he had so much hair on his body. Chores were at Mr. Quaid's hard work. I had to pull straw out of a stack with a wooden crotch-stick like a harpoon. Easy to shove stick into stack, but manual labour to get it out again with a bundle of straw attached to it. About two hours' work after school each night to get enough straw to feed five head of cattle."

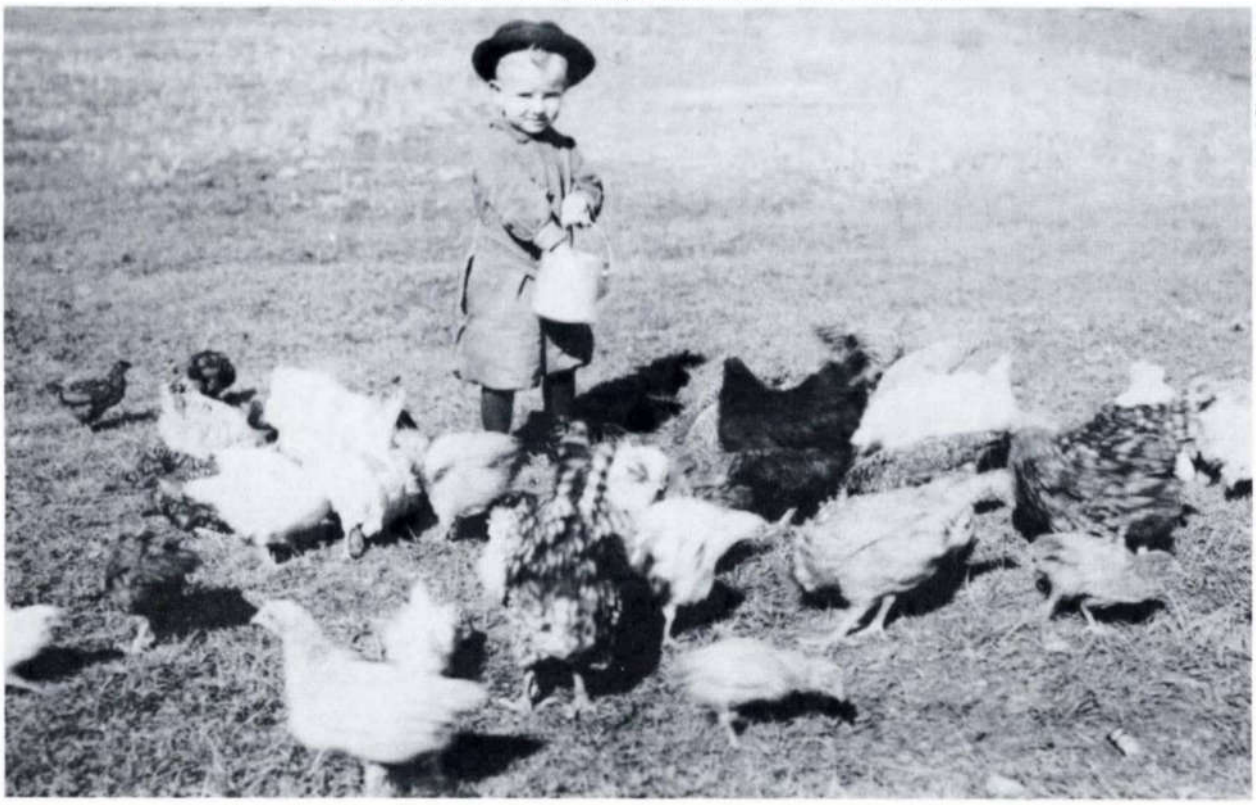
In time, Gavin actually got paid:

> In the fall of the same year, Mr. John Quaid came down to our home leading a two-year-old steer as a present to Gavin for staying on the job, pulling the straw out of the stack to feed the cattle, and doing what Mrs. Quaid told me to do and being a good boy and not saying bad swear words to the cattle or driving them to water with a pitchfork.
>
> Well, I strutted around with my chest out trying to sell my steer. I felt as big and important as Big Bill McLean, the cattle buyer of Goderich. But no one would buy my steer, so we fattened the steer on turnips and killed it for beef. Weighed 400 dressed. I got my share of the steer in eats and the hide to sell for myself. So getting fired at Mr. Scott's for not greasing Amelia's shoes, I got a good character recommendation and a two-year old steer. Whether

United Church Archives

Children with feed for pigs, Cremona area, Alberta, 1915.

Jack Barkley feeding hens on the family farm, Twining district, Alberta, circa 1912.



United Church Archives

Ontario Archives

Pioneer children, date and place unknown, collecting eggs in the barn.

it was fate, or fulfilment of the Scriptures, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it will return to thee after many days,' buttered — this I know: I was some drover and the proud possessor of a steer for a couple of months.

For most people, there was consolation in the fact that everyone around them was leading the same sort of life, and there was pride, and laughter. Children, like Katie and Mary Papp telling their stories, learned to enjoy any opportunity that made a break. Mary wrote fondly about outings to the annual Langenburg fair.

In an 1864 essay on "How I Spent My Summer", a child who attended the Halifax Institute for the Deaf and Blind, capped his account of two days' hard labour with a memory of sunshine and strawberries:

> Last summer my brother and I reaped the buckwheat all day. After we reaped it next day in the morning after breakfast, my father, my brother and I cut the bushes until noon and at 12:00 my mother took a horn and blew in it and my father heard it and he told us to come to dinner. In the afternoon my brother and I cut bark with two axes in the barn. Then I picked the strawberries and ate them in the field and lay on the grass before the sun.

Much later, a retired teacher recalled, "We used to have to do things we thought were fun, though they were work. We helped to break the colts, running them in circles on a rope. We fed the calves out of pails with milk and water and cereal, and gave them our fingers to suck."

In his case, the family encouraged him to dream of leaving the farm. "Father and Mother were anxious that I get an education. Father didn't let me do jobs he'd think would be habit forming, because he didn't want me to be a farmer. I didn't do the morning chores, for instance. I was the smart one."

There was more than one way to be smart. A nostalgic paragraph in the Methodist *Christian Guardian* in 1887 suggests that not everyone found the pressure of work unrelenting:

> There are so many bright spots in the life of a farm boy that I sometimes think I should like to live the life over again. I should almost be willing to be a girl if it were not for the chores. There is a great comfort to a boy in the amount of work he can get rid of doing. It is sometimes astonishing how slow he can go on an errand.
>
> Perhaps he couldn't explain himself why, when he is sent to a neighbor's after yeast, he stops to stone the frogs. He is not exactly cruel, but he wants to see if he can hit 'em. It is a curious fact about boys that two will be a great deal slower in doing anything than one.

Or, as a Nova Scotia woman commented crisply, "My brother Alec never did anything. Brushed his own teeth, I guess." ♦

Jean Cochrane is a Toronto writer.

By Canoe to York Factory Summer, 1911

On Wednesday, 2 August 1911 Kenneth C. Campbell (1875-1961), a dentist living in Winnipeg, started out with three friends for York Factory on Hudson Bay. They were all in their thirties. Below are excerpts of Dr. Campbell's journal edited by his son John G. Campbell of Ottawa.

The first leg of the journey was by wood-burning steamboat from Selkirk, at the south end of Lake Winnipeg, to Norway House, the trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company near the north end of the lake. There the party was outfitted with two canoes and supplies. An Indian guide and three Indian canoemen were engaged.

The party of eight then proceeded in two canoes along the east channel of the Nelson River, up the Echimamish River and, crossing the height of land, followed the Hayes River to York Factory which they reached on 16 August. After spending several days in the locality, they retraced their route to arrive back at Selkirk on 12 September. The journal paints a picture of the travelling routines, some of the features of the topography along the route and the various episodes they experienced. As well as visits to three HBC posts, several encounters with Indians (Crees) are described.

Members of the party included Richard W. Craig, Laurie C. Boyd, Arthur W. Hogg and Kenneth Campbell. The guides were Solomon Farmer, Johnnie Robertson, James Fletcher and Thompson Macdonald.

Wednesday 2 August 1911: Left Selkirk on the *Wolverine* at three o'clock. A hot day in Selkirk but a grand day on the boat — in fact quite cool on the deck. Into evening a cool breeze sprang up. Boat comfortably filled. Evening spent in smoking, chatting, reading and listening to music. Arrived at Hecla [Island] at 10:30 p.m. — the first stop.

Thursday 3 August: Woke about 4:30 a.m. with the boat "wooding up" on Little Bullhead near the narrows. Arrived at Berens River at 11:30 a.m. Had two hours sleep on the way after breakfast at 6:00 o'clock. At Berens River, inspected the fish hatchery (empty).

Friday 4 August: *Wolverine* left Berens River at daybreak — passed George Island at 10 o'clock. Raining hard when we reached Warren Landing at 5 o'clock p.m. Blowing rather hard and bow pitching in the morning but quieted down as we moved into the north end of the lake [Winnipeg]. Spent the morning reading and playing bridge. Dick, Arthur and I met a chap from Omaha, Neb. Raining nearly all day. A dance in the cookhouse of the fish co. in the evening (with phonograph).

Saturday 5 August: Left Warren Landing at 8 a.m. [Whole party from *Wolverine* on board the *Highlander*] for Norway House — by circuitous route with Indian pilot through Little Playgreen Lake, 3½ miles to Norway House. "Jimmy Big", one of Earl Grey's guides was on board (right from Selkirk). Arrived at Norway House at 11:15 and met Mr. & Mrs. C.C. Sinclair. Mr. Sinclair [Post Manager] talks Cree fluently. Norway House is a large fort — partly stockaded with about a dozen large buildings. Our trip had been arranged by Mr. Sinclair. Our two main guides are Solomon Farmer (main guide) and James Fletcher with two Indian bowmen, Johnnie Robertson and Thompson Macdonald. Spent the afternoon in getting our provisions together. From Mr. Sinclair we got staples *viz*, flour, bacon, beans, sugar, tea, etc. The

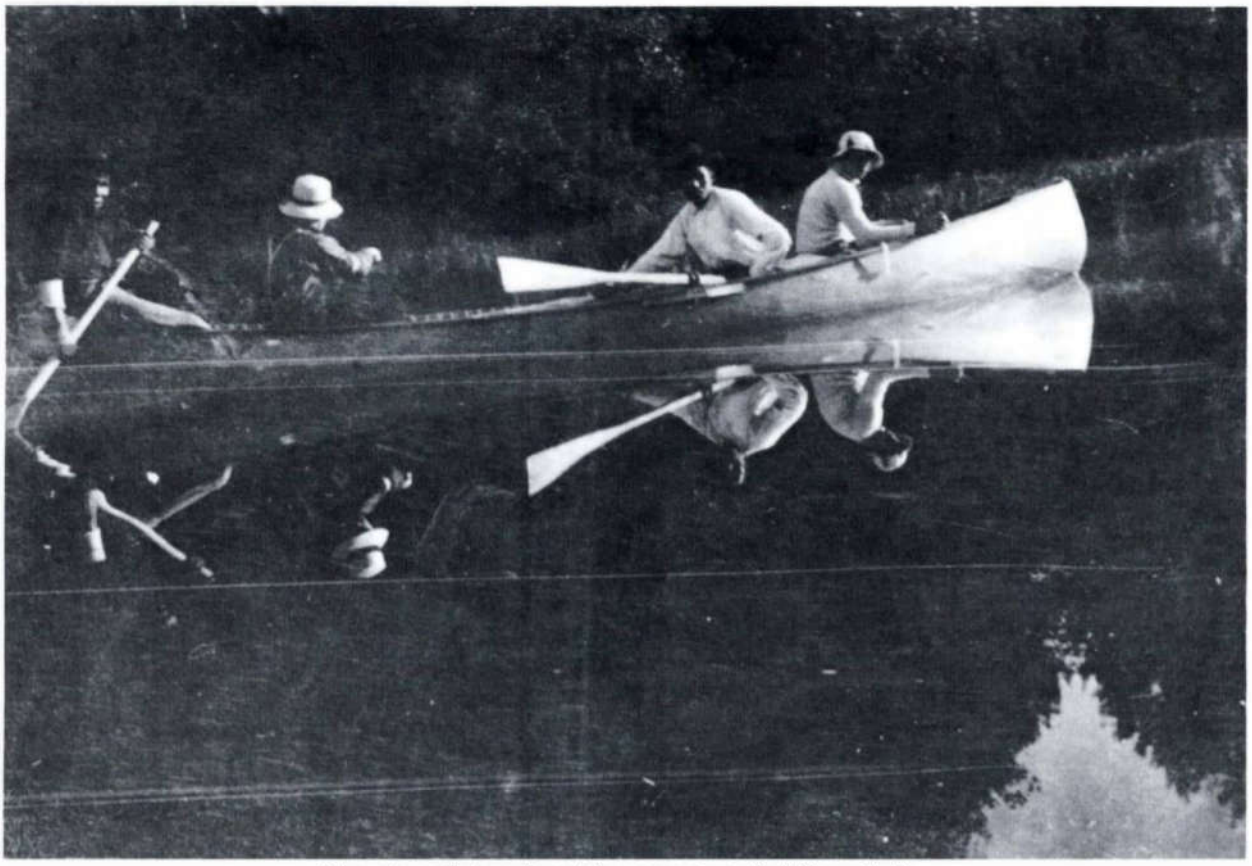
The "Wolverine" at Selkirk on the Red River with members of the Campbell party on deck.

"luxuries", so called, we brought from Winnipeg *viz.* marmalade, maple syrup, cereals, etc. Had supper with HBC employees in the big dining and rooming hall. Mr. Sinclair with us. Fried sturgeon and wild strawberries. We got away from Norway House at 7 o'clock and camped out for the night about three miles down. We were anxious to get going today so we would not have to wait until Monday. One thing that looked odd in this far northern post was a game of billiards being played after supper in an adjoining room in the big Dining Hall.

Sunday 6 August: Got away at 10:15 and sailed our canoes most of the day with a fair wind. Stopped for lunch at 1:00 at a place where we saw two log houses and an old Indian who was full of fever. Saw a litter of young huskies. Made 25 miles today. Pitched camp at 6 p.m. at a fine spot on a point. Johnnie made bannock. Shot a nice duck on the way down but missed another. Crawled under mosquito bar at 9:15 just as the moon rose. Made our first portage today at Tea Falls on the Nelson River.

Monday 7 August: All the Indians, Dick and I slept under mosquito bars last night — fine! Rose at 5:20. After a bath and a snack we all got away at 6:15. Indians said prayers around fire. Shortly after we broke camp we entered the Echimamish River and stopped at 8:10 for breakfast, having made good progress in two hours. While at breakfast two Indians and a boy came along in a canoe (from God's Lake) and had something to eat with us. Got away again at 9:30 and stopped for lunch at 12:45 on the bank of the Echimamish. Away again at 2. Ascended the river with all its windings, sometimes getting very narrow, at other times broadening out and often very pretty. Marshy nearly all the way with out-croppings of rock at places and occasional scrub. Water the usual amber colour. Passed three small dams on the way up this afternoon. Those dams were built to keep the water deep enough at rapids to allow the York Boats sufficient water.

Arrived at Painted Stone Portage where we camped for the night. This portage (our second one) is on the height of land over which we cross to the Hayes water, but strange to say, this portage is only 75 feet in length. Had supper of fried duck and pickerel, bannock and marmalade (fit for a king). All along the route we see in prominent places fire rangers' notices in Cree. Pre-



Calm waters reflect members of the canoe party on the Echimamish River.

sented Indians with calabash pipes which they seemed to enjoy. Save Arthur and Laurie we slept under mosquito bars. Very heavy dew. At this portage we saw the rocks worn smooth by the frequent passing of the iron-shod York Boats for the last hundred years or more. Standing this evening with our backs to the fire and looking at this portage in front of us, we could not help but think that a large number of people had crossed this same spot in the wilderness in bygone days.

Tuesday 8 August: Earl Grey [Governor General of Canada] started on this date last year from Norway House on this identical route with 12 canoes and 19 guides, there being 11 in his official party. Crawled out from under my mosquito bar at 5:20. We all had a cup of tea and bannock and got away at 6:15. I take off my cap to these Indians who have their prayers beside us at the fire. After they have had their cup of tea and biscuit, Solomon conducts both a reading and prayer for which they all turn and kneel.

The Hayes River water is dark like the Echimamish. Had a shot at a duck but missed it — too far away. Stopped for breakfast on a rock at 8 o'clock. We find this arrangement of meals the only practical way because if we had breakfast before 6 one could not last out 'till 12 or 1 without eating.

Starting again we went down through a rocky defile with high banks. Then the banks became marshy and finally we came into Robinson Lake, a fair sized lake with marshy shores.

The river then narrowed down for a short distance, and we came to Robinson Portage (¾ mile in length) at 12 o'clock. There the crews of five York Boats had just finished lunch and were going to slide a York Boat from the ground, up the skid-way and onto the car to be taken across the portage on the rude tramway. About 35 men assisted in doing this. Then they tugged and strained for all they were worth to get it up the line. Dick, Laurie and I followed them across the portage to see them launch the boat, which they did quite easily. Giving it a start on small logs which acted as rollers, by its own weight, it went crashing down the hill into the water with a splash.

These York Boats are about 40 feet in length and 10 feet in beam and row with 8 long sweeps; one man in the stern to steer with either a tiller or an extra long sweep. They hold a great quantity of freight and make

One of the canoes with outfit going over the tramway at Robinson Portage.

fairly good time, almost as good time as we do in canoes. There were five York Boats in this fleet and to see their crews all bunched together, they were a picturesque lot of Indians.

Two of our Indians came down with us to take back two cars to carry our canoes and duffle over. This rude tramway is a kind of switchback railway. The car has a brake to prevent it going too fast down the inclines. Going down the last big incline at the upper end of the portage Laurie had an experience. As the car went down the incline Solomon, using the brake, seemed to think he couldn't stop the car and, with a yell in Cree, jumped off, leaving Laurie on the car alone and going pretty fast. It looked as though he would go straight into the water but after going over the "bumps" it ran a few paces on the "corduroy" and stopped a couple of feet short of going down to another platform or wharf.

We caught up with the brigade at Jack Pine Portage where the York Boats were preparing to run the big rapids. It was great to see them go up the river a short distance and turn. Then the crew used their sweeps with might and main to get up speed until they reached the brink. The man standing on the bow stood with his big long pole at the level like a javelin apparently to give the proper direction to the man at the helm. Then with yells in Cree the York Boat took its downstream leap in the rapids and all was excitement until the foot of the rapids was reached — a truly great sight. The man in the bow and one or two others with long poles endeavoured to keep the boat off the rocks. Laurie and Arthur went down in one York Boat.

After leaving Jack Pine Rapids we travelled some miles through a rocky defile to Hell Gate, a twin rapids. We portaged everything here and waited ½ to ¾ hour to see the York Boats (full laden) go down through Hell Gate but they stayed above for the night. Hell Gate and vicinity is scenery of the wildest nature, especially below. The river flows through a narrow gorge. We went on about a mile and camped on a fine camping place — several shelves of rock. Indians camped much higher than us. I made pancakes and Laurie pea soup while Johnnie made bannock — fewer raspberries here. Dick and Arthur went to bed about 9:30 while Laurie and I sat up for about an hour, talking and smoking — watched the moon rise over the wall of rock opposite. Swift current passing us here.

Wednesday 9 August: Just as we finished breakfast the York Boats passed under sail. We got away between the 4th. and 5th. boat. For a little while our two canoes and the last York Boat sailed abreast but the York Boat with about 500 square feet of sail soon left us behind and we lost sight of them around a point in Windy Lake. We sailed through Windy Lake in fine style — the Indians showing themselves adept at sailing a canoe. They thoroughly enjoy it always as a change from working strenuously when there is no breeze. Windy Lake (no misnomer today whatever it is other days) has fine wooded shores and many beautiful islands.

We overtook the York Boats about 11 just above the four rapids previous to entering Oxford Lake. The York Boat crews had stopped for lunch. When we arrived they were making ready to run the rapids, the first three of which they run full laden while the fourth is run light, being the most dangerous of the four. I told Johnnie I would like to run the rapids in a York Boat.

Shooting the rapids in a York Boat with Laurie Boyd and Arthur Hogg aboard as passengers.

York Boat passing under sail.

He asked the captain of one boat who readily consented. So Dick and I got ashore while Laurie and Arthur went down in our canoes (they ran the first in the canoe and portaged the other three).

As soon as we had finished lunch we started, Dick in one boat and I in another. We made the first all right but in the second rapid the boat I was aboard got stuck on a rock half way down (as did two others behind). About seven of the men immediately scrambled out — clothes and moccasins on — into the water. After several minutes of hard pushing along with the bowmen using poles the boat was eased off — but it was an exciting few minutes. Two of the men had a hard time getting aboard when the boat started to move. The men were all yelling at once, apparently all giving orders but everyone from the captain down kept his temper and all took it good-naturedly, laughing and joking about it immediately afterward.

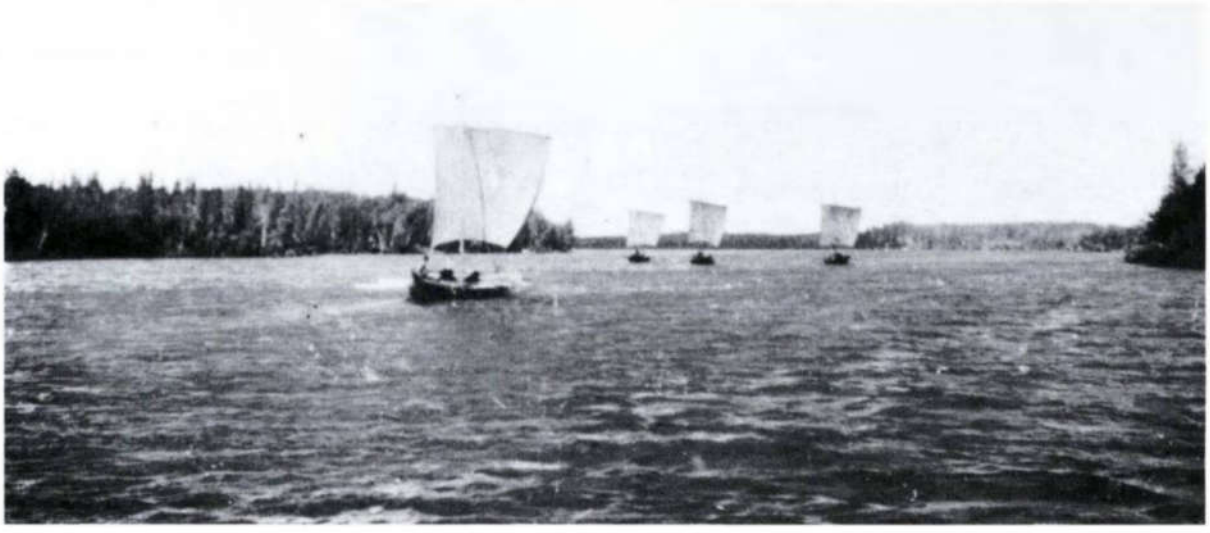
The third rapid proved a bad one for us too as we got caught on a rock and were swung around against a little rock island about 29 feet across which divides the rapid into two. Only the left rapid is navigable by York Boat. The passage is narrow and curving, very swift — with quite a steep incline. As we swung around and struck, six or seven of the crew, with a yell, made for the rock and I, thinking that they were running to save their lives, made to run for the rock too. But I stopped half way when I saw a line going out to hold the boat from swinging around and going down the other channel backwards or sideways and capsizing. After the bow was secured by the rope about five men standing in the water shoving, and others using poles, tried to get the bow off the rocks but it would not budge. After trying in vain for some time, the crew of the York Boat preceding us came to the rescue with a line on the opposite side of the channel. We got a fresh start and shot the rapid without further mishap. The fourth rapid was portaged and the boats went down light. Dick, Laurie and Arthur went down this rapid in the light boat. It was a great sight.

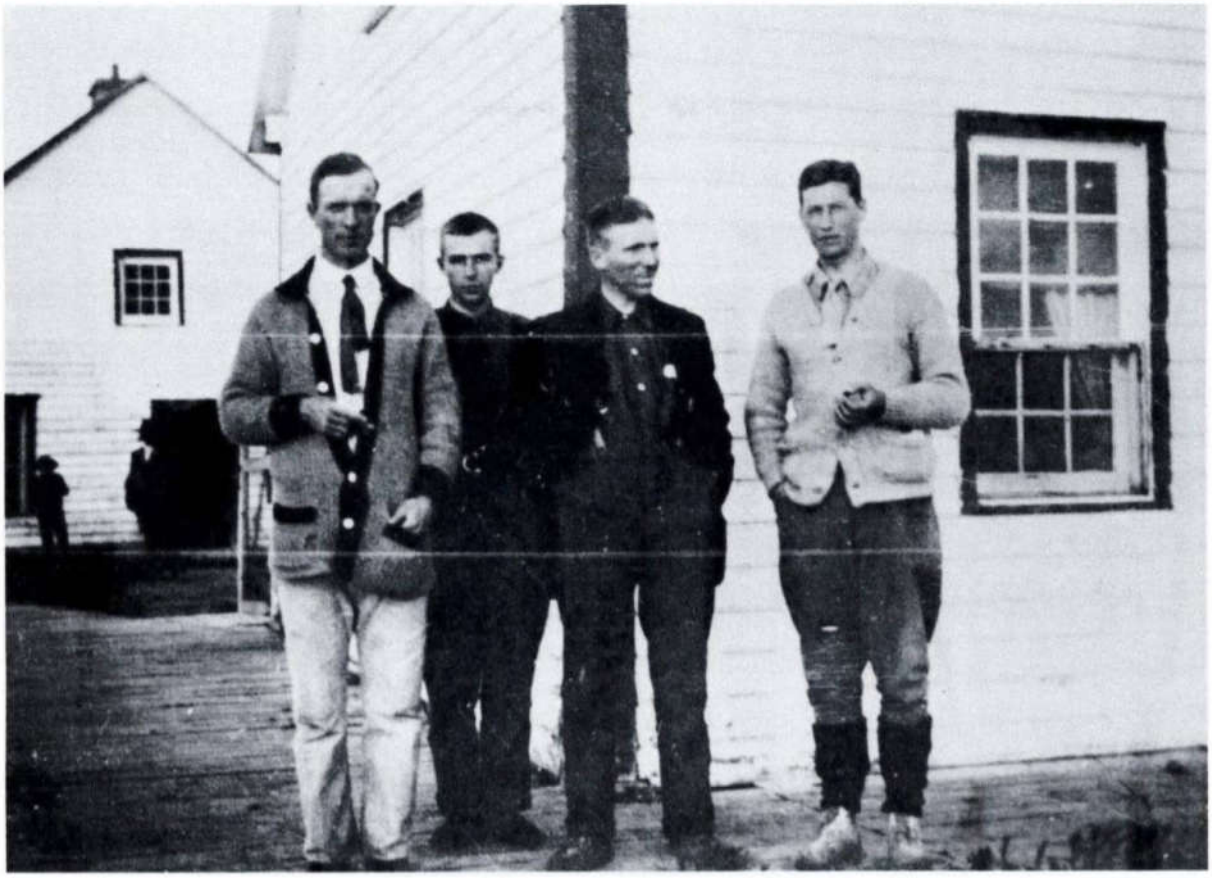
Yesterday and today have been days of great experience to us. I have heard of York Boats for years, seen pictures of them, but these two days have given us the opportunity to get our information first hand and to learn the habits of the crew. Sitting on the elevated stern of a York Boat and seeing the crew work so strenuously at the big sweeps, I could not help but recall what I had read of the old galley slaves. Each rower has a seat and standing place and a bag about a foot high to get purchase. They rise to a standing position (on one foot) and as they fall back to their seat they get the purchase to pull with the sweep. One man to a sweep, both hands on it. The sweeps are 18 ft. long with a 4 to 5 in. diameter shaft and a blade 6 in. wide and 2 in. thick. The stern sweep or tiller is 25 ft. long and slides through a large ring in the stern post with a bolt to keep it from going back too far. The crew ranged from boys of 20 to some old men. We had the Chief of the Oxford Indians as guide of our boat, *viz.* Jeremiah Juppi.

It is great to see the "middlemen" rise in unison to a standing position and dip their oars at the same time. During exciting moments in the rapids they all talk at once, ordering each other around and joshing one another all the time. They seem to get great pleasure out of the tight places they sometimes find themselves in. The sails are square — about 500 sq. ft. of canvas. The mast is placed just a little forward of the centre of the boat. The far corner of the sail is moved according to the wind. If very fair the sheet is fastened to the gunwale. In a strong gusty wind they lower the sail and reef it.

Dick and I had a light lunch together. Then we all went on down to the river a couple of miles or so into

York Boats sailing on Oxford Lake. The picture was taken from the bow of the last boat in the brigade.





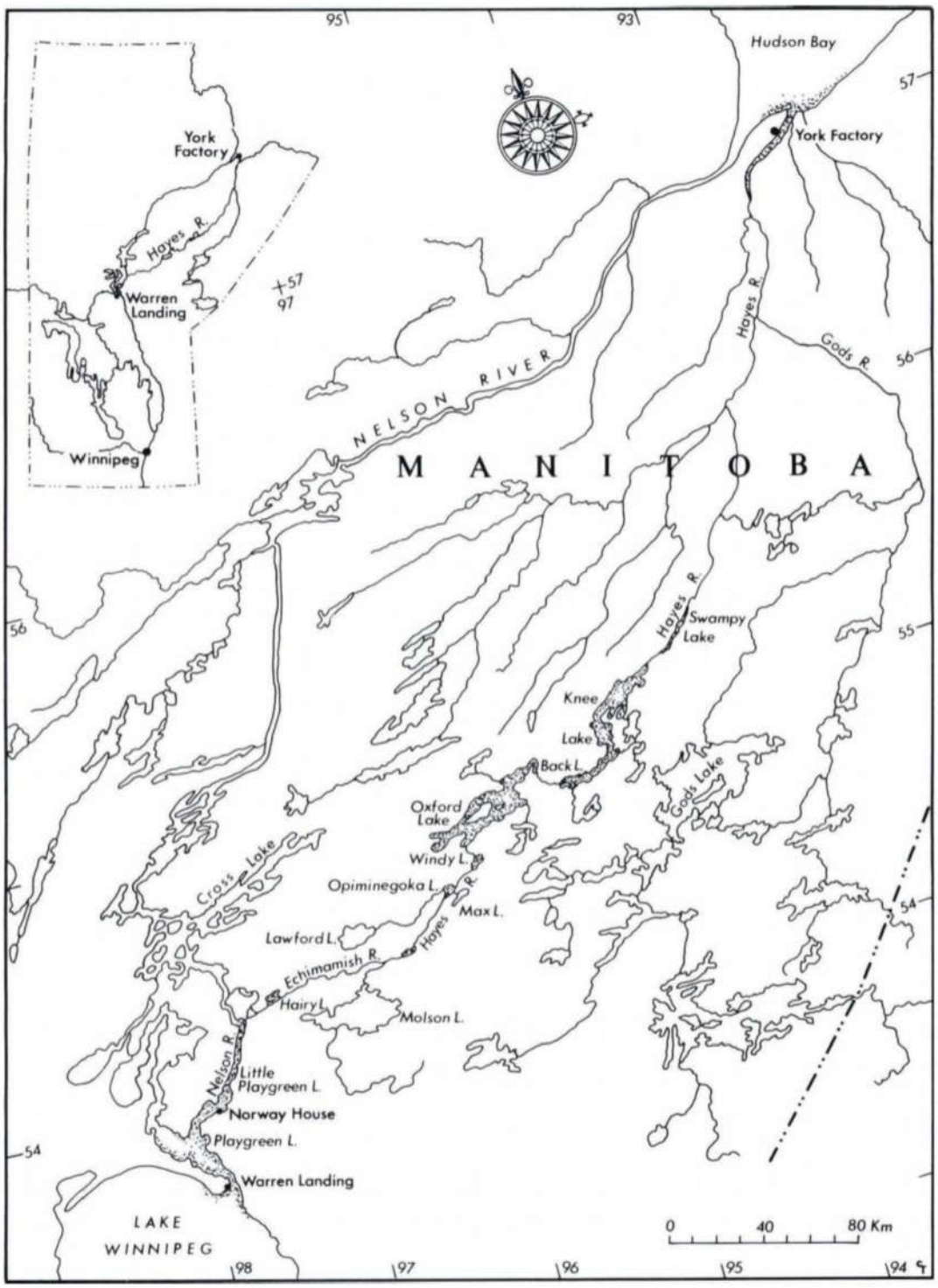
Members of the Campbell party at Oxford House with E.J. Bevington, left.

Oxford Lake and waited on the shore (raining) until the York Boats overtook us, it having been arranged at the portage that they would give us a lift down to Oxford House. They picked us up at 3:30. Canoes (light) being taken aboard, we had a great sail down to the post in a stiff breeze and arrived at 9 o'clock. Very cold. Laurie had got his blankets the last two hours, following the example of most of the crew.

Oxford Lake is a fine body of water about 30 miles long and varying in width from one to two miles with numerous islands and rocky points. The shores are heavily wooded — very pretty. On the dock we were met by all the Indians of the place. Mr. E.J. Bevington, Post Manager, and the "Missionary" Mr. Niddrie introduced themselves to us, the former giving us a cordial invitation, which was readily accepted, to come up to the Company's house. We were cold and hungry. Mr. Bevington, had a nice fire going in a wood stove in the living room which was much appreciated. Mr. B. also had his cook make supper for us. We sat around and smoked, Mr. B. supplying the cigars. Our blankets were spread on the floor of the big living room.

Thursday 10 August: Stayed the day at Oxford House, getting a new oar made, a patch on the canoe and bannock made at the post. We put in this time looking around the post, reading, talking to Bevington who is a typical English sport of about 35 or 37 years of age. In the afternoon Laurie, Arthur and I went over to Back Lake about ½ mile at the back of the post. Dick slept. We spent the evening playing football with about forty Indians. All had moccasins on and kicked as hard as they could every time. After, we wrote letters home, talked to Bevington until about 11:30 and crawled into our blankets on the floor again.

Friday 11 August: Tumbled out at 6 sharp and were off at 6:30. We were soon in Back Lake across which we paddled about 2½ miles and went into the river again. Soon the rapids commenced. We ran some all loaded (shipped water at some). At the other three we four got out and the Indians ran the canoes down with full loads. On the last rapid they must have struck a rock for by the time we reached Trout Falls at 11 a.m. both canoes were leaking considerably. Repairs had to be made. Several patches were made of tin from tin cans, the Indians carrying tacks and white lead only with them. The canoes are not standing up well at all. Johnnie said to me they couldn't reach York with these canoes. I said, "Well, they'll have to do, so we'll get busy to repair them."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93
Hudson Bay
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York Factory
York Factory
Hayes R.
Warren Landing
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97
Winnipeg
NELSON RIVER
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Gods R.
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M A N I T O B A
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Hayes R.
Swampy Lake
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Knee Lake
Back L.
Gods Lake
Oxford Lake
Windy L.
Cross Lake
Opiminegoka L.
Hayes R.
Max L.
54
Lawford L.
Echimamish R.
Hayes R.
Hairy L.
Molson L.
Nelson R.
Little Playgreen L.
Norway House
Playgreen L.
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Warren Landing
LAKE WINNIPEG
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Preparing to "track" at the foot of Mossy Portage, 3:45 P.M., 13 August 1911.

Trout Falls is a very pretty falls of about 15 ft. Just below the falls is Trout Lake which is small and round. We entered Knee Lake at 1 o'clock and hoisted sail in the fair wind, sailing 'till we made camp at 6:30. For supper I caught two pike which Johnnie fried for us. The fish, with Laurie's pancakes, satisfied our hunger. As the sky showed a coming storm we all turned in early. It rained considerably during the night.

Saturday 12 August: Rose at 5:15, had a plunge, a bite to eat and got away at 6 o'clock, immediately hoisting sail in the fine breeze. We sailed along at a nice clip. Knee Lake is a handsome body of water, 60 miles long and varying in width from ½ mile to 3 or 4, with numerous islands all the way along. Several times I counted 20 or so in sight at one time. Reached end of lake at 2:35. Between this time and the time we made camp for the night at 5:30 we made four portages.

Sunday 13 August: Entered Swampy Lake which is several miles long but not very wide. Ducks were very numerous in the lower end. After entering the river again we ran many rapids with no injury to canoes this time. These rapids however were wild, the like of which I had never seen at any one time. In the afternoon we made 11 portages, only two of which were full portages, *i.e.* requiring canoes and everything to be portaged. The others we walked over carrying sometimes only our guns and other times nearly all our big duffle. At one portage "Rope Portage" the Indians let the canoes down fairly light by means of the bow and stern ropes.

The last portage of the day was at Brassy Hill which rises some 400 or 500 feet above the river. It was in evidence for some time this afternoon. Noticed a grave on the top. It is the only outstanding feature of the landscape since leaving Oxford House. For the most part the banks are low and swampy though wooded. "Cut banks" of clay began to show up today.

Of the dozen swift rapids we ran today there were three wild ones, of which one reads occasionally, but very seldom sees. The first one was very narrow with quite a decided drop with big rough water below. We shipped water on going down the other two. A canoe could not stand much more than this.

In running such rapids our main guide — Solomon — shows himself every inch a guide. He shows no hesitancy, seems to inspire his three assistants with confidence. When he gives orders they obey most care-

"Where we stopped for lunch the day we shot the geese".

fully. We realize that we are well looked after when we are in Solomon's hands.

After landing for the night we proceeded to cook supper of soup, 3 ducks which I shot today and plum pudding which Arthur and Laurie have brought with them from Oxford House. Not a bad bill of fare! Our camping ground is a nice high and dry one on the left bank, almost in sight of Brassy Hill. Slept out under the stars and did not need to use the mosquito bar. Heavy dew. Once when I woke up I saw wonderful Northern Lights.

Monday 14 August: Made the Half-Breed portage about 8 o'clock. Climbed to top of hill — nice clean woods. Looked for the grave of a half-breed who is buried there, but did not find it. More rapids and The Rock the last portage on the way down the river. This rock is in the middle of the river. We stopped for breakfast here and took some snaps. This makes a total of 24 portages on the way down including Tea River Falls on the Nelson. The banks are high now with cut banks more in evidence as we go along. The river flows a swift rapid now all the way to the bay. Eating our lunch and looking at the water going by it resembled a swollen river in the spring — water swirling and eddying everywhere. It is 100 miles from The Rock to York Factory. After passing Fox River about 4 o'clock, made camp at 6:45 on a rather high sloping clay bank. Floor of tent on the slant towards our feet and had to push myself back to correct position several times during the night. Had a fine sleep, however. Finished Agnes Laut's second book today — a very interesting description of the Hudson's Bay Company. [*The Conquest of the Great Northwest* by Agnes C. Laut, 2 vols., London 1908].

Tuesday 15 August: [The party travelled and hunted wild geese in the morning.] We stopped at 12:15 and had a fine goose dinner fried to a nice brown — we were very hungry and enjoyed it immensely and more especially because we had shot the game ourselves. In the afternoon we met Mr. Chester Thompson of Winnipeg on his way to Norway House. He was travelling in company with a French "Father" who had come down from Churchill. We gave Mr. Thompson our letter for home. We chatted a while and parted. We made camp about 20 miles from York on a high bank about 6:30. Had another goose for supper. Turned in with my blanket outside at 9 but woke up with the rain at 3 or 4 o'clock. Stuck it out for a while but when the water came through in one shot I moved my blanket into the tent.

[Wednesday 16 August]: — From now on we met individual canoes of Indians with their families tracking up on their way to their winter hunt. Also a York Boat sailing with a good strong wind but the current was so strong that four men had to track [hauling craft against the current by ropes from the bank]. Stopped for lunch and waited for the tide. When at lunch the water rose about two feet — we were about 6 miles up.

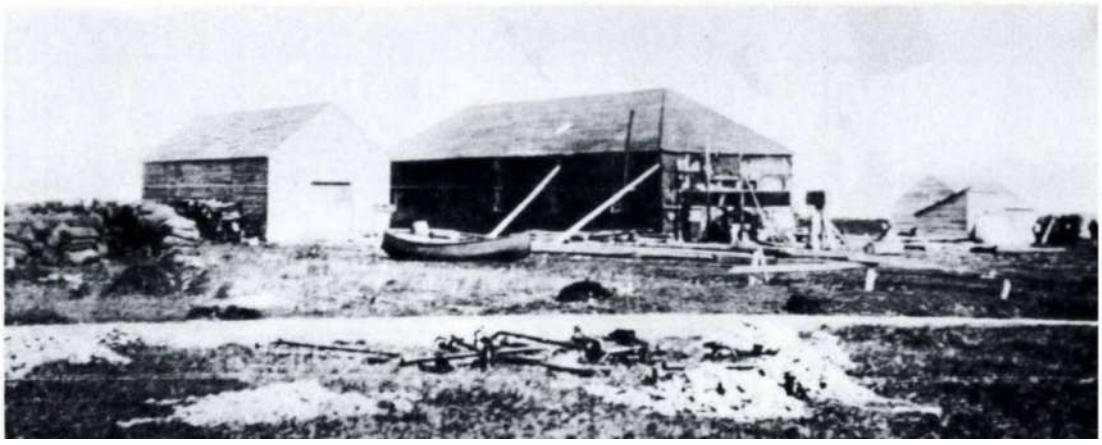
Arrived at York at 3:50. A few Indians and Mr. Faries [Rev. Richard Faries, later Archdeacon], the Church of England missionary, were on the embankment to see us land. We met Mr. Ray [George R. Ray], the post Manager, who gave us a hearty welcome. I had some mail for him from Norway House including a letter of introduction from Mr. C.C. Sinclair. We had supper at six; it was a real treat to get fresh bread and cream once again. We find Mr. & Mrs. Ray most kind and solicitous of our enjoyment while at York Factory. We expect to stay two or three days so Mr. Ray is putting us up at the post, sleeping in the old guard room and getting our meals in the Master House with Mr. & Mrs. Ray and family of five plus Mr. Hanford, Mr. Hogg, and Mr. [John] Macdonald, Clerk.

In the evening we went over to see the famous old library, established somewhat over a hundred years ago. It is a room about 12'x12' with shelving in nearly all available space. All the books are catalogued. It contains many ancient copies of earlier authors — published from 1784 to 1795 or thereabouts. We took great pleasure in looking through Franklin's Journals, La Pérouse the French admiral who came out and took Churchill and York about 1759 [actually 1782] and many other old journals of those who made numerous voyages in these parts.

We went out to Mr. Ray's office and had a chat. He explained to us all about the term "skin" — how the Indians know absolutely nothing about the value of dollars and cents. If they go into the "shop" and enquire what a certain thing costs they are told it costs so many skins — 7 sticks of "nigger head" [tobacco] a skin — 8 boxes of wax Vestas [weatherproof matches] for a skin — a tin of Capstan tobacco 1½ skins (no ¼ skins). Should any of them get any actual money by any means they turn it into the Company and are

View of Depot Building (centre) and other buildings, York Factory, August 1911.

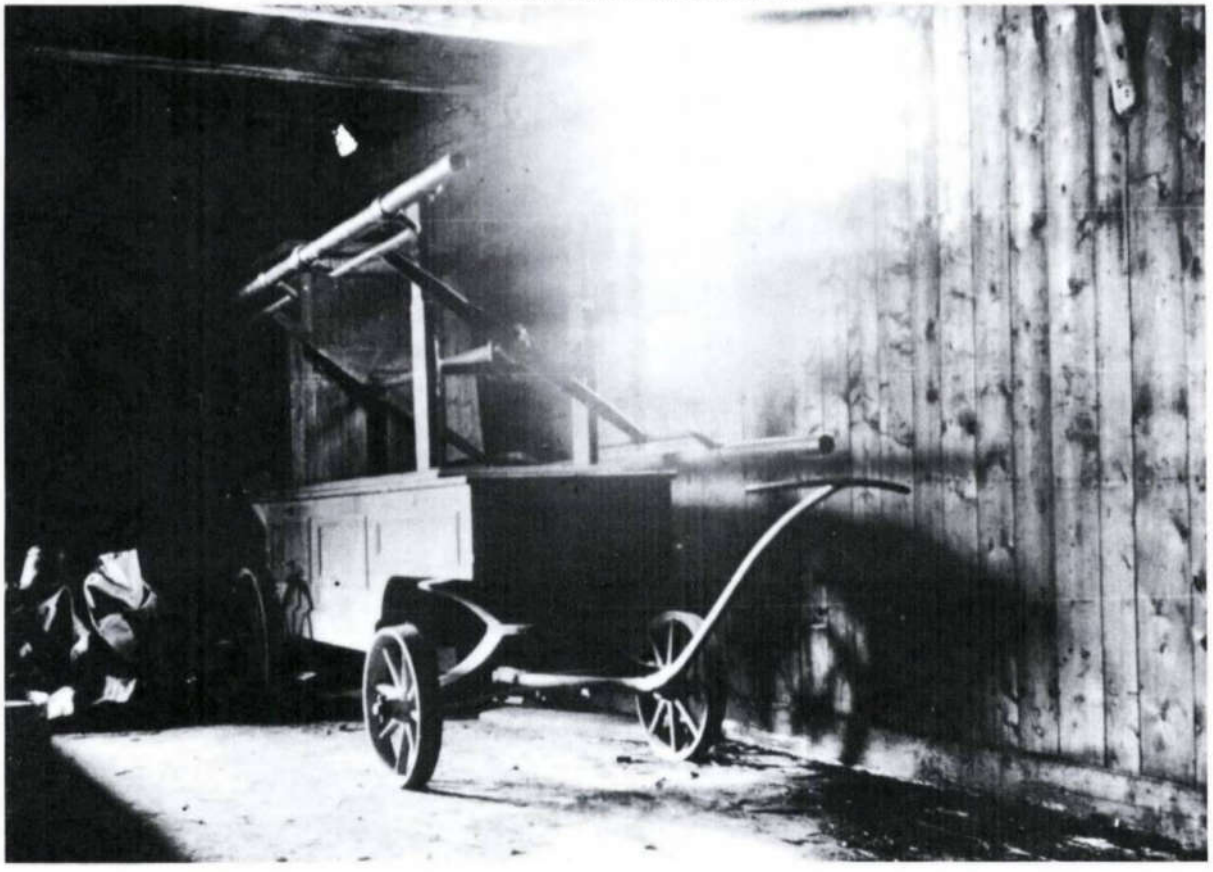
Members of the Campbell party carrying the old bell to the York Factory library.



Colony Building at York Factory, said to have sheltered Selkirk Settlers.

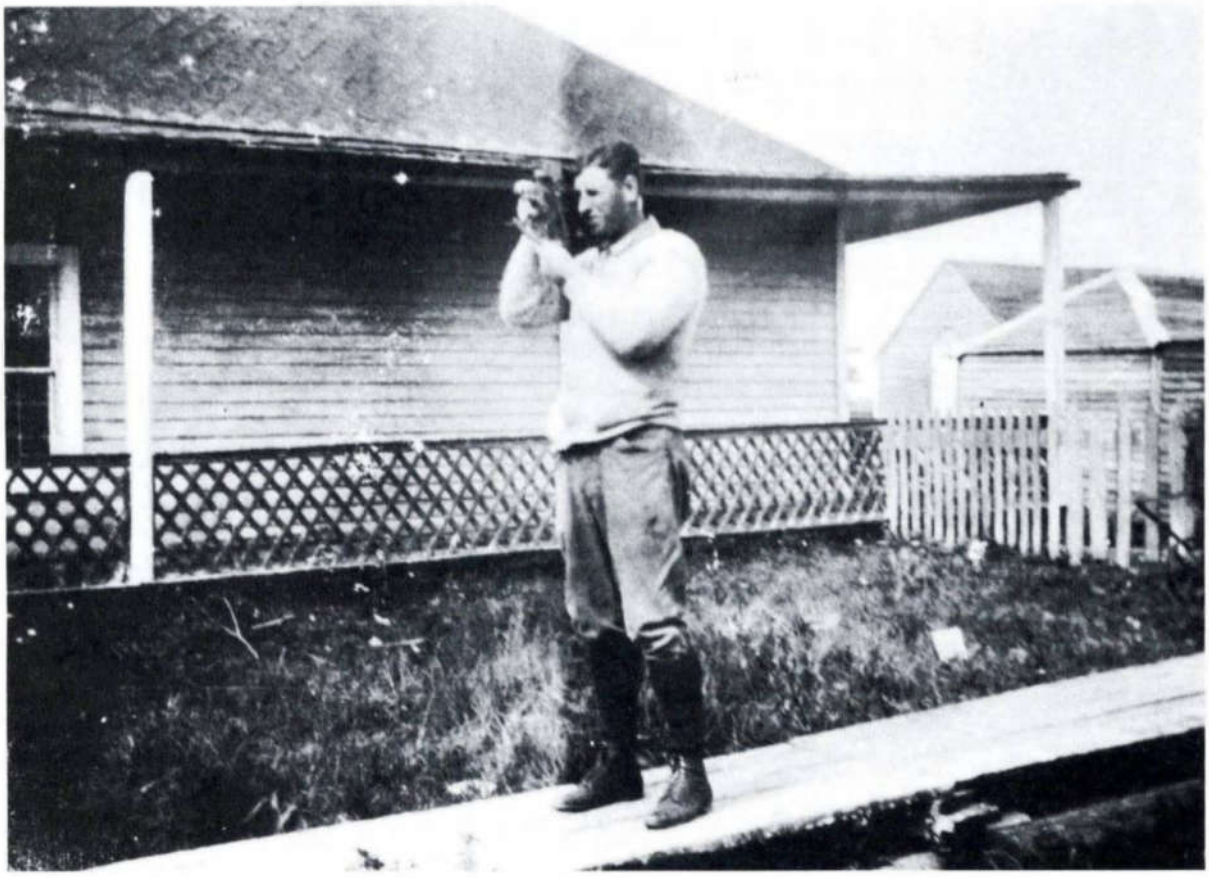
An accidental double-exposure produces a ghostly tepee in the York Factory library. The library was famous for its many old and rare books.

The old 1823 fire engine at York Factory, 1911.



Group including George Ray (second from right) and Richard Faries (third from right) at the place near York Factory where anchors were buried to support a capstan.

Laurie Boyd using a sextant, York Factory.



The four Indian guides pose at Painted Stone Portage.

credited with so many skins. One dollar = 2½ skins so that they can then go to the shop and get so many skins of sugar, tobacco, yards of calico, etc. They know nothing of saving money. If they have, say, 12 skins coming to them for work done at the post they will get an order from the office for the 12 skins and go and spend, say 8 skins for things they really want. Then the Indian will look around to see what he can spend the other 4 skins on. The clerk will ask him if he wants a shirt, tobacco or anything else that comes to mind. The reply will invariably be "Ke-am" meaning "I don't care" or "it doesn't matter" and so he would trade something just to get rid of his money. A few Indians show thrift by keeping something to their credit all summer but on the whole they spend it as quickly as they make it.

In the fall the Company outfits the Indians for the winter hunt. In the spring the furs are bought and the Company takes out the cost of their outfitting and gives them credit for so many skins for the balance. The Indian then goes to the shop with an order for so many skins to buy what he wants. A martin has a value of 12 skins, a beaver 10 skins. This "skin" or "made beaver" is really of no special value except for the sake of book keeping. The Company sets a price of so many skins on a certain article and the fur is "bought" in at a certain number of skins.

The goods our party buys are not figured out in skins, *i.e.* a record of WHAT we buy is kept and before we leave the accountant figures out the cost of the goods by a tariff and adds a percentage profit to get the price we pay. However the clerk behind the counter couldn't tell us how much anything will cost because he doesn't know — beyond what he would tell an Indian — so many skins.

Thursday 17 August: The time for meals at the fort are breakfast at 8, dinner at 12 and supper at 6. After breakfast Mr. Ray offered to show us things of interest around the post *e.g.* the apothocary's room where we saw old surgeon's instruments, bottles of drugs, an old mortar and pestle, etc. From there we went into the shop where the Indians hang around all day long, and through the big warehouses. The big building surrounds a court and was at one time covered with a lead roof. This was removed and sold in England a few years ago producing 60,000 lbs. of lead at 4¢ per.

Very few furs around the post now, they all having been shipped out. We saw the big fur presses to make

the "pieces". The second floor of the big building is used for storing all kinds of small ware for sale in the shop and for sending to smaller trading posts for which York is a centre. In one room they have stored all the old books of the Company — day books, journals, etc. in which we saw the wonderful "copper-plate" writing which must have taken the clerks a long time to do. These old books are most beautifully bound in leather. Some we saw had a lock and key.

From this room we went with Mr. Ray up two flights to the lookout tower which was used to search for incoming boats. We looked through the very old telescope which is kept there and noticed a wind gauge broken by the wind. We passed through many of the other buildings as well. Among them the fish house and flour warehouse which contained about 3,000 sacks (100 lb.) of flour. In another warehouse there was an old fire engine of 1823 vintage, fire irons, etc. At the Cree church (Church of England) Mr. Faries joined us to take us through. After that we were shown the powder magazines and the burying ground.

After lunch we four had some fun carrying over to the library, from the big warehouse, an old bell inscribed "Fort Richmond — 1750". I took a photo of it along side the John Franklin sundial belonging to Mr. Ray. We pored over some books in the library for a while, then we all went over to Mrs. Faries' to make a call and to see the silk and bead work. We all bought some. From there we went up the beach at low tide and saw the old cemetery which the sea is washing away. One sees the ends of the coffins sticking out, boxes falling out and lying along the beach.

Friday 18 August: Our guide complained of one canoe not being fit to go back to Norway House. So we arranged to exchange this bad canoe with one the Huskies [Inuit] have about 5 miles up the shore. They have a great camp — 10 or 11 all told all in one big skin teepee, including two papooses. They also have a fine kayak, new apparently, for which he said he wanted 30 skins ($12). I had asked him how many skins. He couldn't tell me at first, until I signified to tell me with his ten fingers, which he did to 30. Then Arthur produced matches and he counted out 30.

The father of the family indicated to me with no uncertain pride that these were all his family. One of the sons had his wife there too. The old Esquimaux woman looked very picturesque with a papoose on her back. They were all smiles and seemed glad to have us take an interest in them.

* * * *

THE RETURN TRIP

After two further days of sightseeing around York the party set out to retrace its route up the Hayes, Echimamish and Nelson Rivers to Norway House which they reached on 6 September after 17 days. The entire trip from outset at Selkirk on 2 August to return to Winnipeg on 13 September took 43 days and

K.C. Campbell in a kayak, York Factory.

Laurie Boyd and Kenneth Campbell with guides on the Echimamish River.

covered about 1,300 miles of which 700 were travelled by canoe on the three rivers.

The first part of the return journey required 6 days of hard tracking against the current of the Hayes. Tracking consisted of two men pulling the canoe upstream while the other two men took the bow and stern. Each half hour or so the men changed positions:

> This tracking is a great business. The tracking line is 180 ft. long, about 170 ft. is normally used, except when the canoe has to go out far to avoid shallow water, and the full length is used. The line is ¼" thick and is tied to the 1st. thwart of the canoe. In order to make the stern run easily the painter is tied to the line and drawn up a little. The man steering the canoe ordinarily keeps it out about 30 or 40 ft. The bowman keeps on the lookout to see that the line doesn't catch on snags. The two men pulling have "tump lines" (used for portaging loads on one's back) tied to the tracking line which is placed across the chest — over one shoulder and under the other arm — so that the arms and hands are free. Sometimes we hauled at the water's edge, sometimes on top of a bank and other times half way up on a steep bank where the footing is insecure. We struggled over gravel, rocks, sand, mud and blue clay and through bushes and long grasses — all kinds of tracking in all kinds of weather.

Though the journal entries frequently complained of gruelling conditions from cold, rain, fatigue and dangerous footing, there was also satisfaction from a sense of accomplishment in the face of such physical challenge. Sometimes the crews had to resort to poling as well. At one point they stopped near an Indian tepee:

> I went into the Indians' teepee and it was quite a sight. A cruel wind was blowing outside but inside all was quiet and warm from the fire in the middle about two feet wide. Around the inside there must have been 9 or 10 men, women and children — apparently two or three families. Some were sitting, some were lying down, the men smoking. On the point of a stick against the fire was a whole fish cooking. Around the walls, stretched across the poles, were several beaver skins, shot that day. Just above my head, which I didn't notice at first, was a beaver tail hanging to smoke and dry (considered fine eating by the Indians). The whole scene was quite picturesque.

Finally the party reached The Rock on 26 August:

A fine camping place is this Rock Portage. Everybody usually stops here to dry things and to clean the mud and clay out of the canoes. It has ten times more significance now than it had when we went down the river. For six long days — wet and weary ones — we have laboured as hard as the Indians, or nearly so, and each day we longed for the time when we could stand on the Rock. The sun was brightly shining when we arrived and we have thoroughly enjoyed our stay and rest here.

Travelling became more pleasant in the steeper upper reaches of the Hayes but it was still much tougher than descending. Considerable poling, tracking, and portaging was required; however the days had their lighter moments:

[Thursday 31 August] On again against a strong head wind and made our camp at 5:50 on a point on Knee Lake. Here we made our fire and camped in a fine grove of tall timber. We had a pleasant evening around the fire, talking and chatting, everybody in good spirits. Where we had tea at four, Solomon skinned a mink which he had shot in the afternoon. Retired at 8:45 and had a good sleep.

Encounters with York Boats were always enjoyed — as on 2 September:

About 10:45 we sighted the two York Boats that we expected to meet. Having gotten permission from Mr. Bevington, manager at Oxford House, to open the "packet" to see if there was any mail for us, I went out to a point to flag them with a towel. They were coming down fast with the wind. They responded to our signals and both boats came in on the lea side of the point while Johnnie told the guide of the two boats what we wanted. He readily assented and opened the packet with a hammer. After going through all the mail in one box, and finding none, we opened the other big packet and found all the mail was for Churchill and York Factory. So we were disappointed in not getting any letters or papers. I gave every man a pipeful of tobacco and we left them — a merry crowd they were — mostly young fellows.

And again at lunch time on the same day:

Stopped at a very sheltered spot — wind was blowing hard in the trees above us and not a breath of air stirring where we were. The sun so nice and warm. I spread out my blanket to dry, Johnnie likewise his deer skins, on the smooth rocks. Went on at 2 o'clock. Sailed some during the afternoon — beautiful day — so bright and sunny. Oxford Lake looked great with its numerous wooded islands. The rocky shores were very similar to Lake of the Woods country [in Northwestern Ontario]. Made a fire for tea at another pretty place with a smooth stone off which I had a swim. Passed quite a number of canoes today on Oxford Lake taking goods down to the "traders". ["Free-traders" independent of the HBC]. Arrived at the end of the lake and made camp about 7 on a handsome well-used spot. Had a tasty supper and turned in near the fire at 9 o'clock. Tents are not up tonight — everybody sleeping under the stars. This has been to me one of the nicest days of the trip. Such good weather and such great places for our fires and although we had to buck a persistent headwind a great deal of the time we made the whole length of the lake today — about 40 miles or so.

♦

The party reached Norway House by 6 September where they were welcomed again by the Sinclairs. Florence, Dr. Campbell's wife, travelled up from Winnipeg to meet them. A day was spent around the post visiting, buying silk in the store, etc., before boarding the steamboat southbound on Lake Winnipeg and arrival at Selkirk on 12 September 1911.

All photographs are from the album of Kenneth C. Campbell and are used by permission of John G. Campbell.

York Factory

Trading activity at York Factory can be traced back to the last years of the seventeenth century when the Hudson's Bay Company began to establish its control over the area. It was captured by D'Iberville after the celebrated "Battle of the Bay" in 1697, was restored to the British in 1713 and fell briefly once again to the French under La Pérouse in 1782.

Great names of exploration and the fur trade have York Factory connections, including Henry Kelsey, William Stewart and Anthony Henday.

During the eighteenth century York Factory developed into an important trading centre and as posts were established inland it became a major entry point for trade goods from Europe and the exit point for furs.

York Factory reached the zenith of its importance in the early nineteenth century when it became headquarters for the HBC Northern Department, but as the century progressed its importance declined as trade routes were expanded in the south. In 1878 Fort Garry became the Company headquarters and York Factory reverted to the status of a depot. Its decline continued into the twentieth century and the HBC terminated operations there in 1957.

York Factory was formally handed over to the Canadian Government in July 1968 and the few remaining buildings are now administered by Parks Canada as an historic site.

A VOICE FROM AN UNQUIET GRAVE

'The Guibord Unpleasantness'

By Louis Lemire

In a far corner of the Roman Catholic cemetery of Notre Dame des Neiges in Montreal lies an unusual grave. Marked by an oblong stone, it remains unobtrusive, in sharp contrast to the surrounding ornate gravestones. Beneath the stone, encased in several feet of reinforced cement, is the coffin of Joseph Guibord. His death in 1869 sparked a celebrated court case over the burial of his remains in consecrated ground. The court battle lasted six years and made the "Guibord Affair" a national and international *cause célèbre*. The controversy which it provoked, and its eventual outcome, truly demonstrated the power and influence of the clergy in Quebec during the late nineteenth century.

Prior to the court case, a bitter confrontation had raged for more than twenty years between the Institut Canadien, a literary society of which Guibord had been a member, and Monseigneur Ignace Bourget, the Bishop of Montreal. It began over the presence of books in the Institut's library which were on the Roman Catholic Index of Forbidden Books. The struggle was also between liberalism and ultramontanism which was unfolding generally throughout the Roman Catholic world. It was a time that gave birth to new ideas and to revolutionary change in Europe. Debate centered essentially on the role of the Church in society. Liberals favoured the separation of Church and State, the Church being supreme solely on spiritual matters concerning faith, morals and conscience. Ultramontanes believed the State was subordinate to the Church, with Rome being the centre of authority. In Quebec, ultramontanism had strong nationalist ties. French-Canadians were a Roman Catholic minority and it was through unity of faith, language, customs, morals and institutions that the culture would be preserved. The faith would protect the language and vice versa.

The Institut Canadien was founded on 17 December 1844 by a group of young French-Canadian intellectuals as a centre for learning and discussion. It filled a need. There was no French-speaking university in Montreal, a city where the English outnumbered the French. Initially, membership was limited to French-Canadians, but in 1850, this requirement was dropped. It possessed a rich library of books, journals and newspapers from around the world which would grow considerably in later years to rival the Library of Parliament. It held debates and public lectures featuring international and local speakers. Members presented papers on literature, economics, science, politics, law and philosophy. Incorporated in 1853, the Institut soon became the centre of intellectual discussion in Quebec. Branches and model institutions were established in Ottawa and throughout Quebec. By 1857,

its membership had peaked at 700.

Among the Institut's leading figures were Louis-Antoine Dessaulles, a journalist and politician, Joseph Doutre, a lawyer who would later play a leading role in the Guibord Affair, Rodolphe Laflamme, a prominent lawyer and Antoine-Aimé Dorion, a leader of the Parti Rouge. The Parti Rouge was founded by Louis-Joseph Papineau, leader of the ill-fated 1837 rebellion in Lower Canada, after his return from exile in France. Papineau was an honorary patron of the Institut. Strong ties were established between the Institut and the Parti Rouge which espoused a radical liberalism.

When the Curé of Notre Dame Church, Father Victor Rousselot, left, obeyed the orders of his bishop and refused Christian burial to free-thinker Joseph Guibord, centre, a long and bitter controversy broke out. Joseph Doutre, Q.C., right, represented Guibord's widow in the long legal battle that followed.

Bishop Bourget had viewed the arrival of the Institut Canadien as an opportunity for serious learning, but before too long he discerned the very traits of liberalism and radicalism which had been stirring up revolution in Europe and besieging the papacy. Bourget was a fervent ultramontane and admirer of Pope Pius IX whom he venerated and emulated. Bourget demonstrated dynamic energy and zeal and was widely admired. His devotion to Rome and his people was prevalent in his numerous religious and charitable works. In 1868, he organized Canada's first military expeditionary force, the Papal Zouaves, to aid Pius IX who was beset by the revolutionary armies of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel II who were seeking Italian unification and an end to the last of the Papal States. In 1870, when the new cathedral in Montreal was to be built, Bourget chose St. Peter's Basilica in Rome as the model.

The Institut Canadien and Bishop Bourget were diametrically opposed on the issues of the day including, among others, the Church's legal right to tithe, public support of denominational schools and the separation of Church and State. Bourget perceived the Institut as a danger to the faith and a threat to his authority and that of the Church. They had to submit or be suppressed. Its impressive library provided a pretext. It contained many books which were on the Index of Forbidden Books, books which Catholics were forbidden to read under penalty of excommunication. The *Index Liborium Prohibitorum* dates back to the Inquisition and the Council of Trent of 1545-63 when the Catholic Church began to be preoccupied with the censorship of immoral literature and the suppression of heresy. Among the more notable works on the Index were Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris* and *Les Misérables*, the works of Voltaire, the works of George Sand, the works of Honoré de Balzac, Karl Marx's *Das Kapital* and Charles Darwin's *Origin of the Species*.

Bourget's initial warnings did little to discourage membership in the Institut Canadien, neither did the establishment of three rival institutions under his clerical auspices. In early 1858, Bourget issued a severe condemnation of the Institut. The Institut Canadien had unequivocally defended its freedom and independence. The penalty Bourget imposed was excommunication, the deprivation of the sacraments. Excommunication thus meant ostracism and exclusion from society. Enforcement of Bourget's penalty varied depending on the priest, but it appears to have been sufficiently invoked to discourage membership.

Initially, Bourget's sanctions had little effect on the Institut Canadien. That same year, it was forever excluded from the traditional St. Jean-Baptiste procession. In 1859, its membership declined to 600. In 1860, it slipped to 500. By 1861, it had dropped to 450. In 1867, it was approximately 300 with only half actually paying membership fees. Young people were reluctant to become members. The branches and model institutions began to fade away. Between 1858 and 1863, many members publicly reconciled themselves with the Church, some on their deathbeds.

In October, 1863, the Institut Canadien met with Bishop Bourget in an effort to make peace. They were unable to reach an agreement. Bourget was not prepared to compromise. In 1864, Bourget also declined to indicate which books in the Institut's library were objectionable, since he did not think it would "lead to a practical result." It was evident that Bourget would accept only total submission. It had been estimated that if the Institut was to purge its library of all the books which were on the Index, it would mean removing 75 per cent of the books on history and religion and 90 per cent of the books on philosophy and literature. The Institut made no further attempt at reaching an understanding with Bourget. In 1865, seventeen members of the Institut petitioned Rome about its unjust treatment by Bishop Bourget. Among the signatories was a then-unknown Joseph Guibord. The petition remained unanswered for four years.

Bishop Ignace Bourget: Fearful of liberalism.

The Institut Canadien continued to flourish in other respects. In 1866, it inaugurated an impressive new building on Notre Dame Street. By 1868, its library had expanded to 7,474 books and 75 journals in both French and English. Nevertheless, its meetings were not as frequent as before and they were poorly attended. Its membership continued its slow decline.

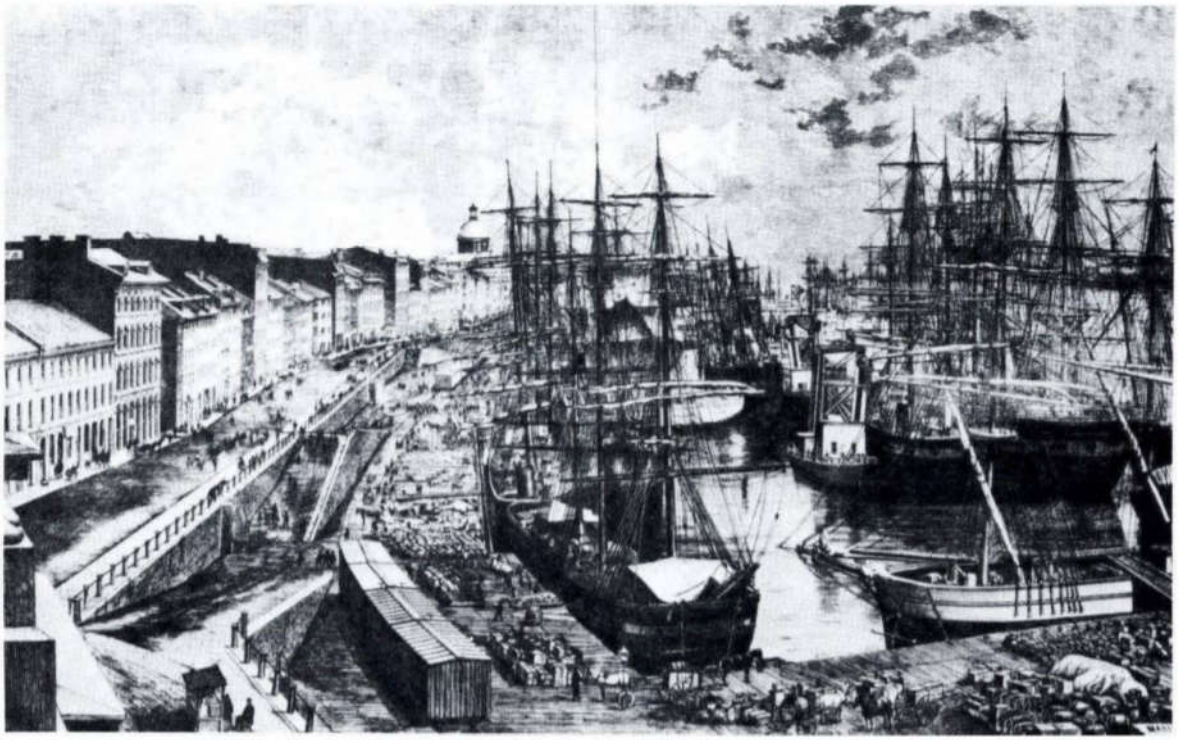
In 1869, Bourget attended the First Vatican Council in Rome and also pleaded his case against the Institut Canadien. On 7 July 1869 Rome officially condemned the Institut for teaching "pernicious doctrines" and placed their *1868 Yearbook* on the Index. The *Yearbook* contained a speech on free thought by Horace Greeley of the *New York Tribune* and one on annexation by Louis-Antoine Dessaulles. No reference was made to the petition sent in 1865, but it was evident that it had not been received sympathetically. Bourget's penalty of excommunication continued. Some members now urged that the Institut Canadien be dissolved. The Institut remained steadfast, affirming that it did not teach pernicious doctrines. It was standing its ground against an unwavering Bourget who now had Rome on his side.

On 30 October 1869, in a letter sent from Rome, Bourget denounced the Institut's reaction and reaffirmed that its members were to be denied absolution "even at the point of death". His letter arrived in the offices of the Diocese of Montreal on 17 November 1869. On the following night, Joseph Guibord died. Guibord, a printer by trade, had become a member of the Institut Canadien a few years after its founding. He served as its vice-president in 1852. In his trade, he was known for his mechanical ingenuity. He was the first printer to introduce stereotyping into Canada. He was a man of good character, widely admired and respected. He had not been a practising Catholic in the few years prior to his death and had not received the last rites of the Church. When he was ill a few years before, he had been denied absolution at his bedside by a parish priest. Guibord had rebuked the priest for asking him to renounce the Institut and defended his right to be a member. A few days before his sudden death he told a friend he was ill, adding prophetically that if the conflict with Bourget was not resolved before his death "there will be a row about my grave".

The Curé of Notre Dame Church and the Parish of Montreal, Father Victor Rousselot, acting on instructions from the Diocese, refused to bury Guibord in consecrated ground, but offered instead to bury his remains in an unmarked grave in the unconsecrated part of the cemetery set aside for those who died outside the faith, *i.e.* suicides, executed criminals and unbaptized infants. There was a deep social stigma attached to such a burial. Guibord's widow, Henriette Brown, was convinced by his friends at the Institut Canadien to take legal action against the Curé and the Parish of Montreal, which administered the cemetery. The Institut offered to pay the costs of the litigation. Guibord's coffin was placed in the crypt of the Protestant cemetery pending the outcome of the court case. On 24 November 1869 Joseph Doutre and Rodolphe Laflamme, both lawyers and prominent members of the Institut, petitioned the courts on behalf of the widow to order Father Rousselot and the Parish of Montreal to grant burial in consecrated ground.

The lawyers defending the Parish were Louis A. Jetté and Francis Cassidy, both former members of the Institut Canadien. They were later joined by F.X.A. Trudel, an ultra-conservative politician known for his extreme ultramontane views which had earned him the nickname of "Grand Vicar".

The trial attracted widespread attention and controversy. It became the ultimate confrontation between Church and State as the lawyers quickly digressed from the issue of Guibord's burial. They traipsed through the Bible, the Inquisition, the Council of Trent, the French Revolution, the British Conquest and constitutional law. Doutre and Laflamme argued, among other things, that the Index had never formed part of the canon law of France and New France and thus



Guibord's Montreal, the old city from the docks.

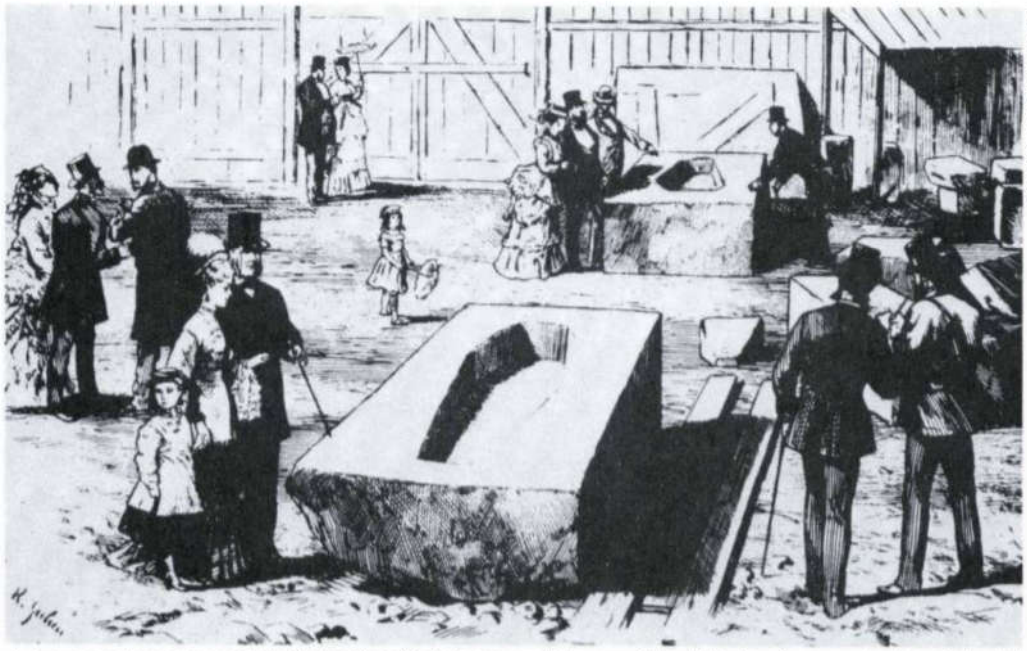
Bourget had exceeded his authority. The Church was also subject to the control of the civil authorities as it had been in the days of New France. Jetté, Cassidy and Trudel countered that freedom of religion independent of civil control had always been guaranteed and thus the Church alone was responsible for determining who would be entitled to receive its sacraments, including ecclesiastical burial.

On 2 May 1870, Judge Charles Mondelet of the Quebec Superior Court rendered a judgment in favour of Guibord's widow, declaring that Bourget had committed an "abuse of power" contrary to ecclesiastical and civil law. Guibord, at the time of his death, had been in full possession of his status as a Roman Catholic. The judgment ordered burial in consecrated ground within six days. The Institut had scored a triumph. The Catholic paper *L'Ordre* cried "tyranny" and deplored the suppression of the Church's liberties, calling the decision unconstitutional.

The Institut Canadien's victory was short-lived. The court case triggered several resignations in their ranks due to the political embarrassment associated with putting the Church on trial. Mondelet's decision was appealed by the Church. On 10 September 1870, the Court of Revision reversed his decision on the grounds that civil courts had no jurisdiction in ecclesiastical matters and that the Church alone had the authority to determine where Catholics would be buried in the cemetery. Doutre, who was now handling the case alone, appealed the decision. On 7 September 1871, the Court of Queen's Bench confirmed the decision of the Court of Revision. Doutre applied for permission to appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in England. It is interesting to note that in the interval between Guibord's death and this final appeal of the case, several other members of the Institut died and were buried in consecrated ground without incident. It was apparent that Bourget wanted to make an example of Guibord.

The Institut Canadien was by now riddled with debts, its energies and resources depleted. Its membership, now predominantly non-French, continued to dissipate. In 1875, it had fallen to 175. Few were able to pay membership fees. The Institut Canadien mounted a fund-raising campaign to finance the appeal of the Guibord case to London. The donations came mostly from the English community. The character of the Institut had changed significantly in its decline. Its most prominent members had resigned and received political rewards or gone into self-imposed exile.

On 24 March 1873 Henriette Brown, Guibord's widow, died and was buried in the consecrated plot which had belonged to her late husband. The Institut Canadien was her heir, and had the right to proceed



Metro Toronto Public Library

A stone sarcophagus prepared for Guibord's coffin but never used because of the difficulty of transporting it to the burial ground. From "The Canadian Illustrated News", 6 November 1875.

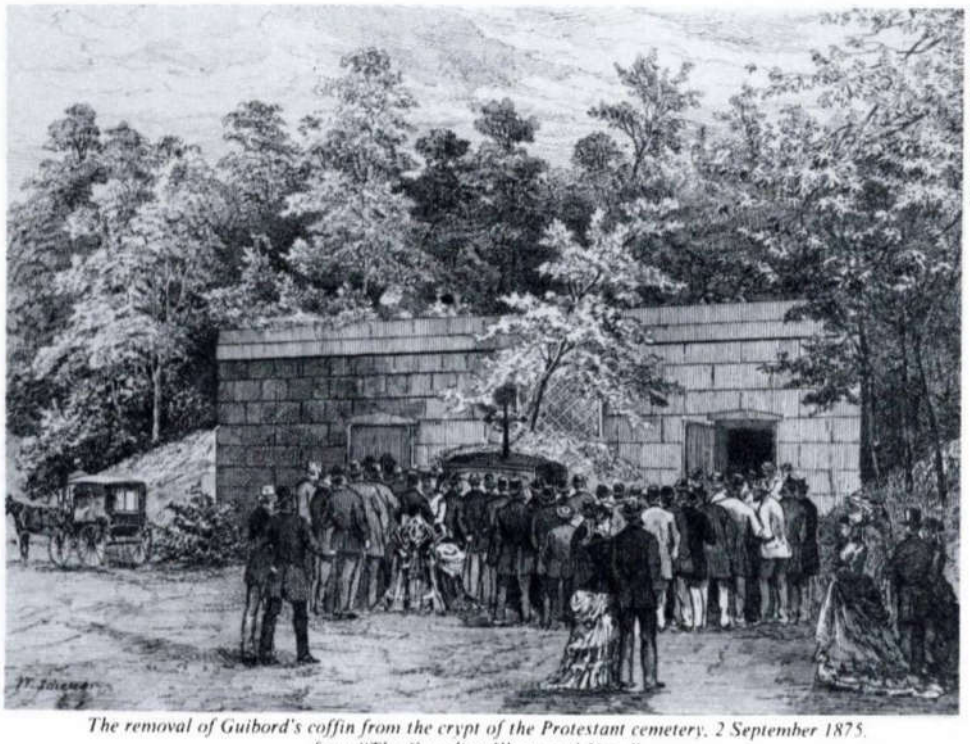
with the appeal. On 26 June 1873, permission to appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council was granted.

On 21 November 1874, a little over five years after Guibord's death, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council rendered its judgment. The decisions of the Court of Review and the Court of Queen's Bench were reversed and Judge Mondelet's decision was upheld. The Judicial Committee varied Mondelet's order by indicating that Guibord was to be buried in consecrated ground without requiring the Church to perform the usual religious rites. They held that under the French regime, the Church was subject to State control and a right of appeal from ecclesiastical decisions to the civil courts had existed. This right had been continued after the British conquest. As well, they maintained that the Index had never been recognized in France or Canada and, therefore, the penalty imposed by Bourget was invalid. Guibord had not been excommunicated by name and was free from any sentence or religious prohibition barring ecclesiastical burial. The judgment also ordered the Parish of Montreal to pay the court costs amounting to $6,000.

Bourget denounced the decision as an infringement of the Church's rights. Popular opinion and the Catholic press supported Bourget's stance. After all, how could a group of Protestant judges claim to know the laws of the Church better than the Bishop of Montreal? Bourget even requested that a petition be sent to Queen Victoria asking her to restore the Church's freedom of religion. Guibord's burial was set for 2 September 1875. Public opinion was against his interment, regarding it as a profanation of the Catholic cemetery. Bourget warned of possible civil unrest.

Nevertheless, on the appointed day, Guibord's coffin was removed from the crypt of the Protestant cemetery, where it had rested throughout the litigation. The funeral cortège made their way to the Catholic cemetery. On their arrival, they were met by an angry mob of over 2,000 people. They had shut the gates of the Catholic cemetery and refused to allow the hearse to enter. Guibord would not be buried in consecrated ground, vowed these self-appointed guardians of Church rights. They chanted defiantly and started a riot, showering the mourners with stones. Several people were severely injured. The mob eventually drove the funeral cortège away and filled in Guibord's freshly-dug grave. The hearse returned to the Protestant cemetery and Guibord's coffin was returned to the crypt.

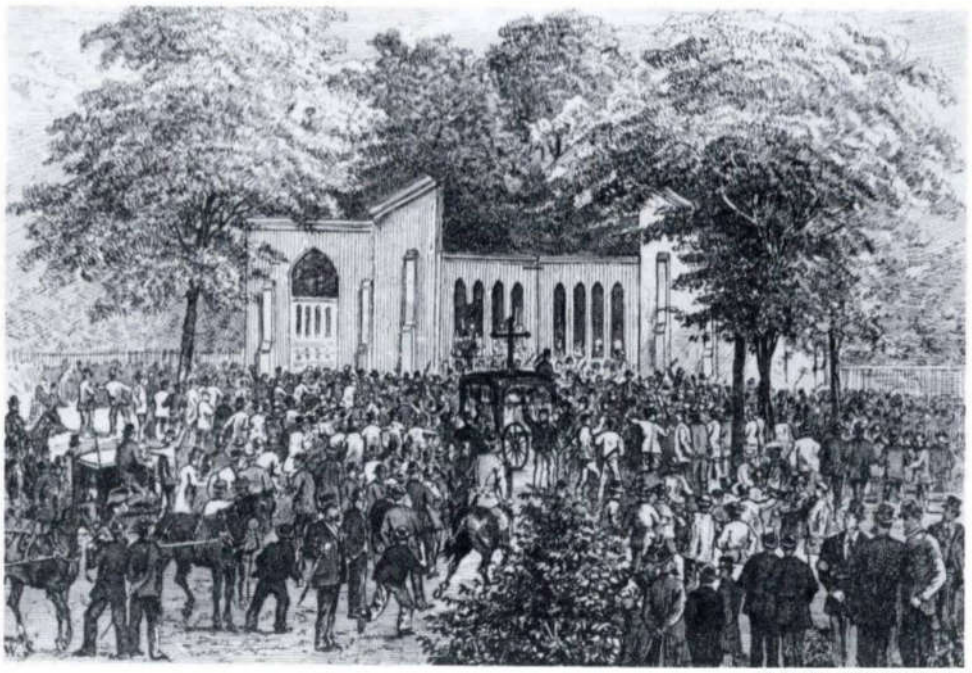
The news of the riot caused an immediate sensation. Canada was up in arms over the Guibord Affair. The international press had begun to take a renewed interest in the case. The *Times* of London noted that Montreal had been "cast into a state of something like a civil war" by the recent events. The English-speaking press of Canada deplored the incident, arguing that mob rule must not be allowed to prevail if the rule of law was to be respected. The Catholic *La Minerve* cried provocation, arguing that the rioters had "illegally defended themselves against the legal violation



Metro Toronto Public Library

The removal of Guibord's coffin from the crypt of the Protestant cemetery, 2 September 1875. from "The Canadian Illustrated News".

Attempts to bury Guibord at the Catholic cemetery are halted by a mob, 2 September, 1875. When another attempt to bury Guibord was made in November, troops and police were needed to prevent what a caption under the picture above refers to as "The Guibord Unpleasantness". The scene was captured by an artist from "The Canadian Illustrated News".



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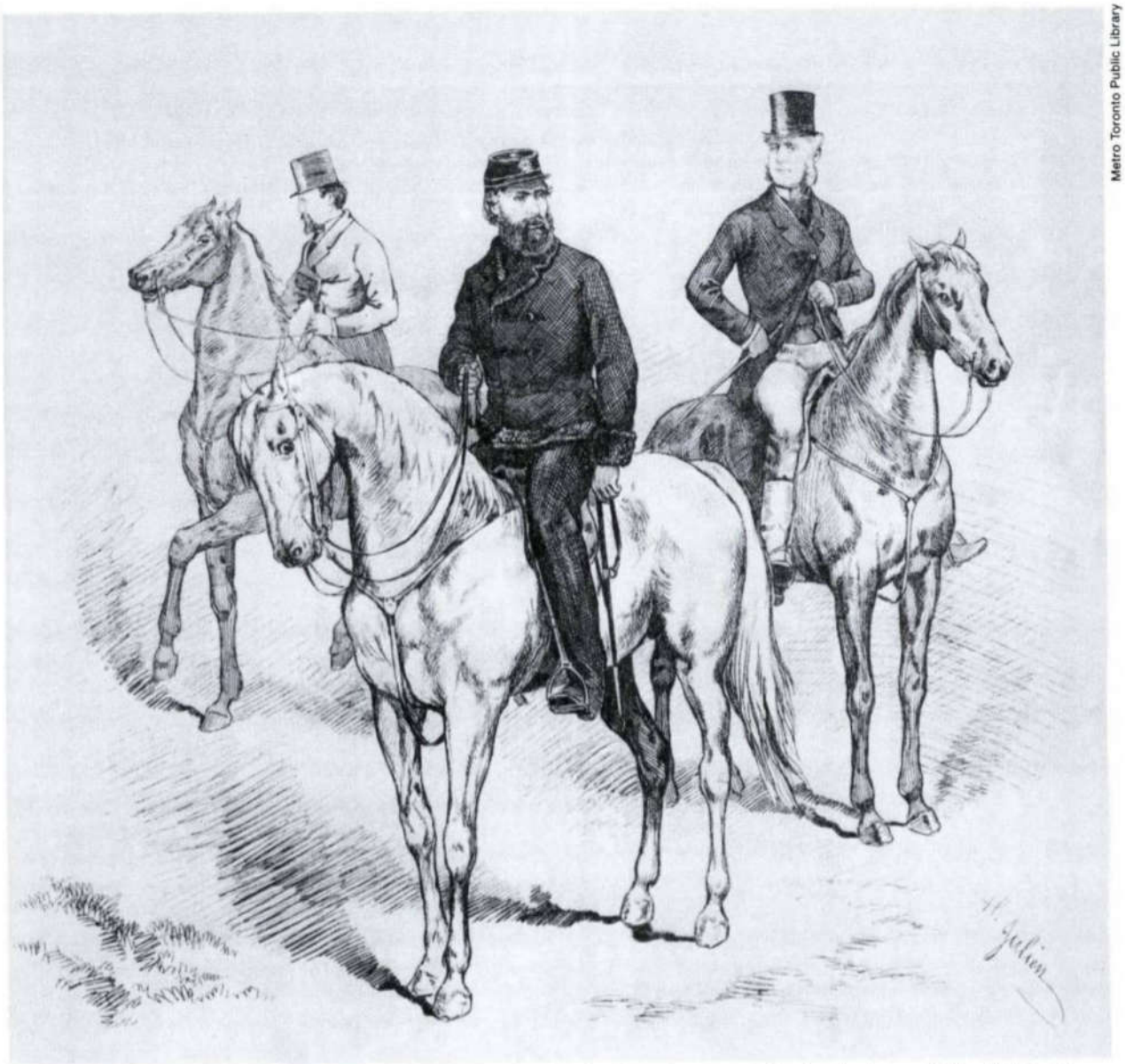

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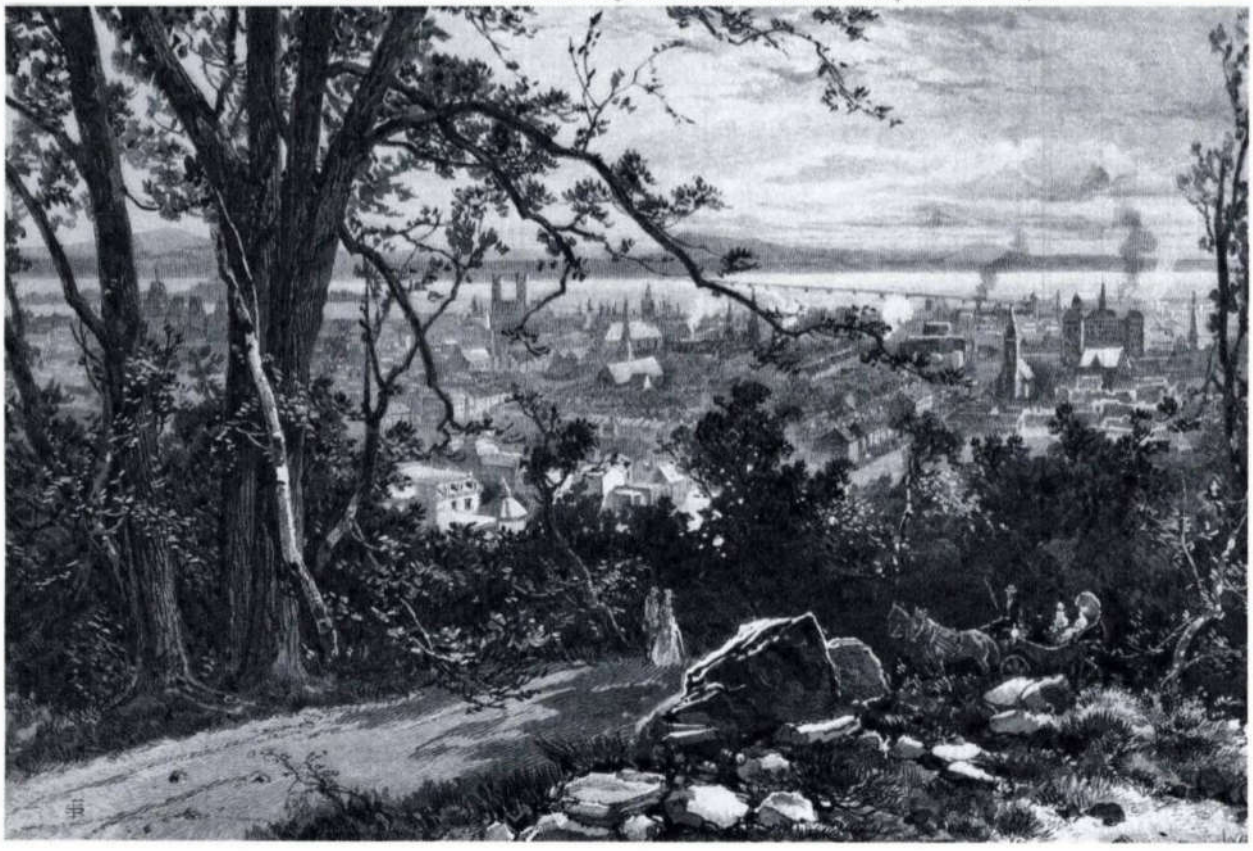
Above: Montreal's Catholic Mayor Hingston, Police Chief Penton and Judge Coursol were mounted on horseback to see Guibord laid to rest, 16 November 1875. Below: Troops assembled on the Champ de Mars wait to protect the Guibord funeral. From "The Canadian Illustrated News", 27 November 1875.

of their rights". Bourget would later comment that the rioters were moved by "spontaneous zeal", but it was not "according to knowledge". Several weeks later, the incident sparked a riot in Toronto when a Catholic procession was attacked by a mob of Protestant Orangemen. The riot appeared to be a reflection of the anti-Catholic sentiment that had been simmering in some quarters of English Canada. Most, however, saw the case as a civil rights issue. Guibord had become a martyr for free thought, a hero who had defended his freedom to the death.

On 28 October 1875, Doutre met with mayor of Montreal, William Hingston, to discuss security measures for Guibord's burial, which was now set for 16 November. Hingston agreed to supervise the entire proceedings. He appealed to Ottawa to send part of the militia to assist the city's police force, which numbered only about 100. Following the riot, policemen had been posted at the crypt of the Protestant cemetery to guard Guibord's coffin. They had been the subject of repeated harassment by persons attempting to desecrate the remains. Steps had to be taken to ensure that Guibord's burial place would be permanent. The Institut Canadien had had a stone sarcophagus constructed by a sculptor. Hingston advised against using it since its considerable weight would make it difficult to transport and might needlessly slow down the burial. He suggested a mixture of Portland cement, scrap iron and stones which, when hardened, would be like stone and difficult to penetrate. Hingston requested from Bourget that he instruct the faithful to stay away from the funeral. Bourget agreed, but none could be certain of what might happen.

On the cold gray morning of 16 November 1875, the soldiers, numbering well over 1,200, assembled on the Champ de Mars. Under the command of Lt. Col. Fletcher, they marched off to meet the funeral cortège. Mayor Hingston was present, on horseback, at the funeral to supervise the preparations. A fitting steady drizzle of rain fell that morning. At the Protestant cemetery, Guibord's coffin was removed from the crypt under the protection of the entire Montreal police force. The hearse proceeded to the Catholic cemetery escorted in front, on the sides and in the rear by the armed policemen. Some distance from the Protestant cemetery they were joined by the soldiers. Penton, the Chief of Police, rode ahead of the hearse on a white horse, giving the appearance of an honour guard. Mayor Hingston, accompanied by Judge Coursol, followed the hearse from behind. Throngs of people lined their route to watch this strange funeral cortège make its way to the Catholic cemetery. It was reported that some had

Churches are very much in evidence in this view of mid-Victorian Montreal as seen from Mount Royal.



travelled from far, even from the United States, to witness the funeral. The *Gazette* reported that the "windows facing the street were monopolized by women, girls and babies, who manifested an equally profound curiosity with reference to this very extraordinary occurrence". No one appeared to manifest any sentiment for or against the "somewhat famous printer". They were present out of sheer curiosity.

Arriving at the Catholic cemetery, the policemen formed a protective circle around the gravesite into which only a few people were admitted. Workmen had already covered the bottom of the grave with the cement mixture. Guibord's coffin was lowered into the grave it had long been denied. The workmen covered it with the remaining mixture until the grave was filled to within a few inches from the surface, with earth forming the final layer. A police detachment remained overnight to guard the gravesite until the mixture hardened. Doutre later had the grave covered with an oblong stone which bore the following inscription: "Joseph Guibord, died November 18, 1869, buried November 16, 1875".

On the following Sunday, 21 November 1875, Bourget delivered his final word on the Guibord Affair in a pastoral letter he had written on the day of the burial. In a blaze of rhetoric, he announced that Guibord's grave had been deconsecrated and deemed forever separate from holy ground. He noted that Guibord's example should teach others that "no one can with impunity mock God and His Church". Bourget added that Guibord would now be "cursed from generation to generation". Quebec's Civil Code was later amended to stipulate clearly that only the Church could designate where the dead would be buried in Catholic cemeteries.

Victory in the Guibord case did not bring a renewed interest in the Institut as some had hoped. Its decline had been hastened, if anything, by the court case. By the end of the nineteenth century it had virtually disappeared. Its impressive library was donated to the Fraser Institute of Montreal (now the Fraser-Hickson Library). The demise of Bourget and his ultramontane colleagues signalled an end to their extreme beliefs. The election of the liberal Pope Leo XIII and other developments eventually brought an end to ultramontanism in the Catholic Church. Nevertheless, the Church remained a dominant force in Quebec's social and political life well into the 1950s.

The Guibord Affair had been the Institut Canadien's political swan song. The case would be remembered for some time to come, but eventually faded from public memory. Guibord, a forgotten hero, had been relegated to the footnotes of history, if not obscured entirely. Bourget's curse was practically fulfilled. Guibord must be remembered for the courage he demonstrated in defending his principles to the end. The inscription has long since faded from the stone that marks his tomb. His grave stands as both a symbol of the power of the Church in Quebec during another time and a tribute to one man's unbending courage.

♦

Louis Lemire of Ottawa is a lawyer and freelance writer. He is currently at work on a dramatization of the Guibord Affair.

Some Last Words

"Let us do and let our deeds cast long shadows . . . let us remake the soul of our people, let us throw ourselves into the future. I ask of life only one thing, use me."

— Attributed to Joseph Guibord.

"There reposes a rebel who has been buried by force of arms."

— Bishop Ignace Bourget,
Pastoral letter, 16 November 1875.

"Their Lordships cannot conclude their judgment without expressing their regret that any conflict should have arisen between the ecclesiastical members of the Roman Catholic Church in *Montreal*, and the lay members belonging to the *Canadian Institute*. It has been their Lordship's duty to determine the questions submitted to them in accordance with what has appeared to them to be the law of the Roman Catholic Church in *Lower Canada*."

— British Law Reports, 1874-75.

THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE GARDEN

A Border of Flowers

By Hubert G. Mayes

"The largest gathering together of people of the nations of the North American continent that has ever been held." This confident assertion appeared sixty years ago on the front page of a Manitoba weekly newspaper, the *Boissevain Recorder*. The 21 July 1932 issue featured a full-page report of the opening of the International Peace Garden on the Manitoba-North Dakota boundary, an event that had taken place exactly a week before, on Thursday, 14 July. A subhead announced that the attendance was estimated at 75,000. A week later the same paper gave the more modest figure of 50,000, but this does not diminish the fact that an incredibly large crowd of Canadians and Americans assembled on a midsummer day during the Great Depression at a relatively obscure point on the Canadian-American border. One result of this great convergence of people was traffic congestion of such proportions that old-timers still speak of it with amazement.

What made this event all the more remarkable was that the throngs had not come to witness the opening of a spectacular piece of engineering or architecture: at that point the elaborate gardens were still only a vision in the minds of the founders. The centre of attraction consisted of a simple stone cairn which had been hastily constructed not long before the event, and nearby a platform for officials and performers. The opening ceremonies, however, were not the only reason for the large attendance. The day had been planned as a celebration for citizens of the two nations, and picnics, sports, bands, choirs and airplane rides all contributed to the festive atmosphere.

For Henry J. Moore of Islington, Ontario, one of the many speakers that day, the occasion represented the fulfillment of a dream. The concept of an international garden dedicated to the ideal of peace came to him in 1928 after he had returned from a meeting of gardeners in Greenwich, Connecticut. A horticulturist employed by the Government of Ontario, Dr. Moore had been trained at the Kew Gardens of England, and had taught at Cornell University and the Ontario Horticultural College. In 1929, at a meeting in Toronto of the National Association of Gardeners of the United States, he proposed his idea of an international peace garden. These words are part of his presentation:

> On returning to Canada [from Greenwich] I thought what a mighty influence for good were the people who love flowers and trees and the beauty of God's great outdoors. How opposed are they to those who glorify war. They will have no dealing with these enemies of civilization. Then the thought that we, the horticulturists of the United States and Canada, could show the man who speaks without love of his fellow man in his heart that it is time for the madness to end.
>
> We will do it by example, and the example we intend to set, with the permission of our governments, is to lay out a magnificent garden at a point on the international line, a beautiful and living memorial to everlasting peace between our two nations — a thing of supreme beauty and an inspiration to the hearts of all men.

The plan was accepted and a committee of distinguished gardeners was appointed. Over the following three years support for the project grew steadily in both countries. The next major step was the selection of a site for the garden. The city of Buffalo, in New York state, felt that its location was ideal, since it was one of the most heavily populated areas on the international boundary. Moore was impressed with the argument as well as the proposed site, but was not convinced that he had found the perfect place. In July of 1931 the Government of Manitoba and the State of North Dakota offered adjoining tracts of land free of cost in the Turtle Mountain area. After viewing the site from the air, Moore was enthusiastic: "What a sight greeted the eye! Those undulating hills rising out of the limitless prairies are filled with lakes and streams. On the south of the unrecognizable boundary, wheat everywhere; and on the north, the Manitoba Forest Reserve. What a place for a garden!"

In December of the same year approval was obtained for the site, which had a total area of 930 hectares or 2,340 acres. On Christmas night Dr. Moore, speaking on a Toronto radio station, made the following announcement:

Like a great camp meeting, the opening ceremonies for the Peace Garden attracted thousands from both sides of the international boundary.

The Great Garden will be on the Canada to Canal Highway at a point on the International Boundary between Dunseith, North Dakota, and Boissevain, Manitoba, and 60 miles south of Brandon. The location is almost the exact centre between the Atlantic and Pacific and but 30 miles north of the exact centre of the North American continent, which is at Rugby.

The highway extends from a point 200 miles north of the boundary to the Panama canal and is to extend north to Churchill and south to Cape Horn. Upon this Main Street of the Americas, which will be the longest north and south highway in the world, will travel millions of people in the days to come.

Plans were made for the dedication to take place on 14 July 1932 and in June a cairn of native fieldstone was built as the focal point of the ceremony. On the evening before the event the first cars began to arrive at the site, and on the morning of Thursday the 14th cars were streaming towards the Garden from every direction. The writer for the *Boissevain Recorder* described the volume of traffic as follows:

> At one time a check was made on cars passing through town and it was found that the average was 57 per minute, and this steady stream of cars seemed to have no ending. As the traffic started to congest at the garden site the movement of cars became slower, however before 1 p.m. it was estimated that over 10,000 cars, carrying from four to seven passengers each, had arrived at the grounds, and the cavalcade lasted well on into the afternoon.

The reporter, with a fine gift for understatement, added: "It was a sight one seldom has the opportunity of witnessing." Reporters on the American side of the border must have been watching a similar bumper-to-bumper movement towards the Peace Garden site. The pictures of the cars arriving and of the sea of vehicles spreading over the parking areas could be useful documents for anyone interested in the history of the automobile in North America. The famous names of Ford and Chevrolet are certainly there, as well as others still in existence, but no doubt there are examples of many makes that are now only memories, such as Durant, Overland, Star, Essex, McLaughlin and Packard.

At ten o'clock the sports program began: softball, lacrosse and horseshoes. The Boissevain reporter commented that "the lacrosse game between Elgin and Brandon was keenly contested, and from the applause the game went over big with our American friends." There was also a "Tug-O'-Peace" with a team from each country, the honours going to the United States.

The high point of the hot, dry, dusty day arrived with the beginning of the official dedication at 2:30, presided over by W. V. Udall of Boissevain, General Chairman of the International Committee. There were about 200 guests on the platform. Congratulatory messages were read from President Herbert C. Hoover of the United States, Lord Bessborough, Governor-General of Canada, the Honorable R. B. Bennett, Prime Minister of Canada, and many others. Then came twelve addresses, the first two of which were delivered by Governor Shafer of North Dakota and the Honorable T. G. Murphy, representing the Canadian government. On completion of all the addresses these two men unveiled the cairn, and the Right Reverend Bishop Thomas of Brandon read out the inscription on

the side of the monument: "To God in His Glory, we two nations dedicate this garden and pledge ourselves that as long as men shall live, we will not take up arms against one another." Then with bared heads the crowd repeated the pledge. Massed choirs sang the two national anthems, as well as an "International Anthem." There was other music for the occasion: ten bands were present, but they were not close to the dedication scene. As the reporter explains, "the massing of the bands close to the Cairn was an impossibility as the large crowd had taken up position and it was out of the question to move them."

The festivities continued throughout the rest of the day and well into the night. The reporter says that

International Anthem

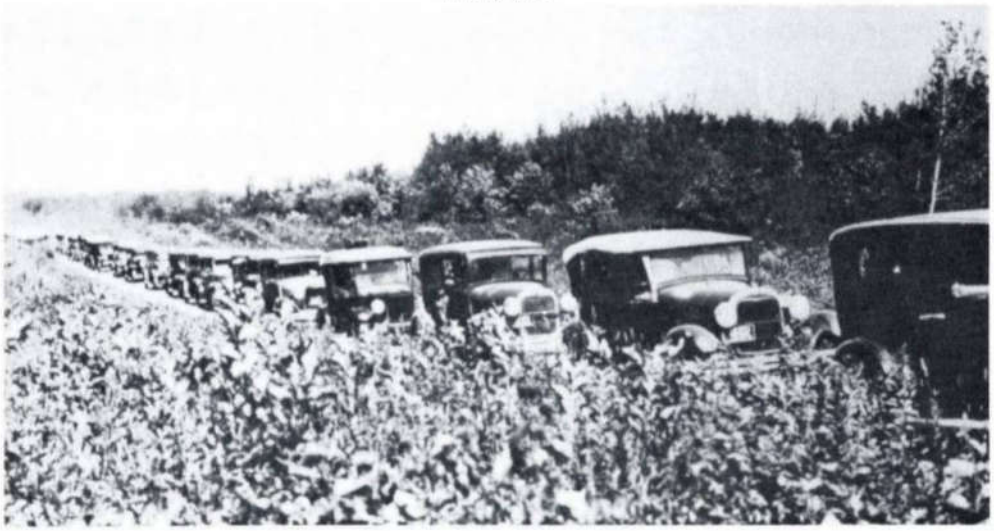
My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save our King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save our King.

Two nations by the sea,
Two nations great and free,
One anthem raise;
One race of ancient fame,
One faith, one tongue, we claim,
One God whose Holy name
We love and praise.

The 1932 dedication ceremonies featured the singing of this "International Anthem", combining Canadian and American themes.

A long line of "Tin Lizzies" moves through the countryside toward the border to attend the dedication ceremonies, 14 July 1932.



"hundreds of cars did not leave the grounds till the small hours of Friday morning."

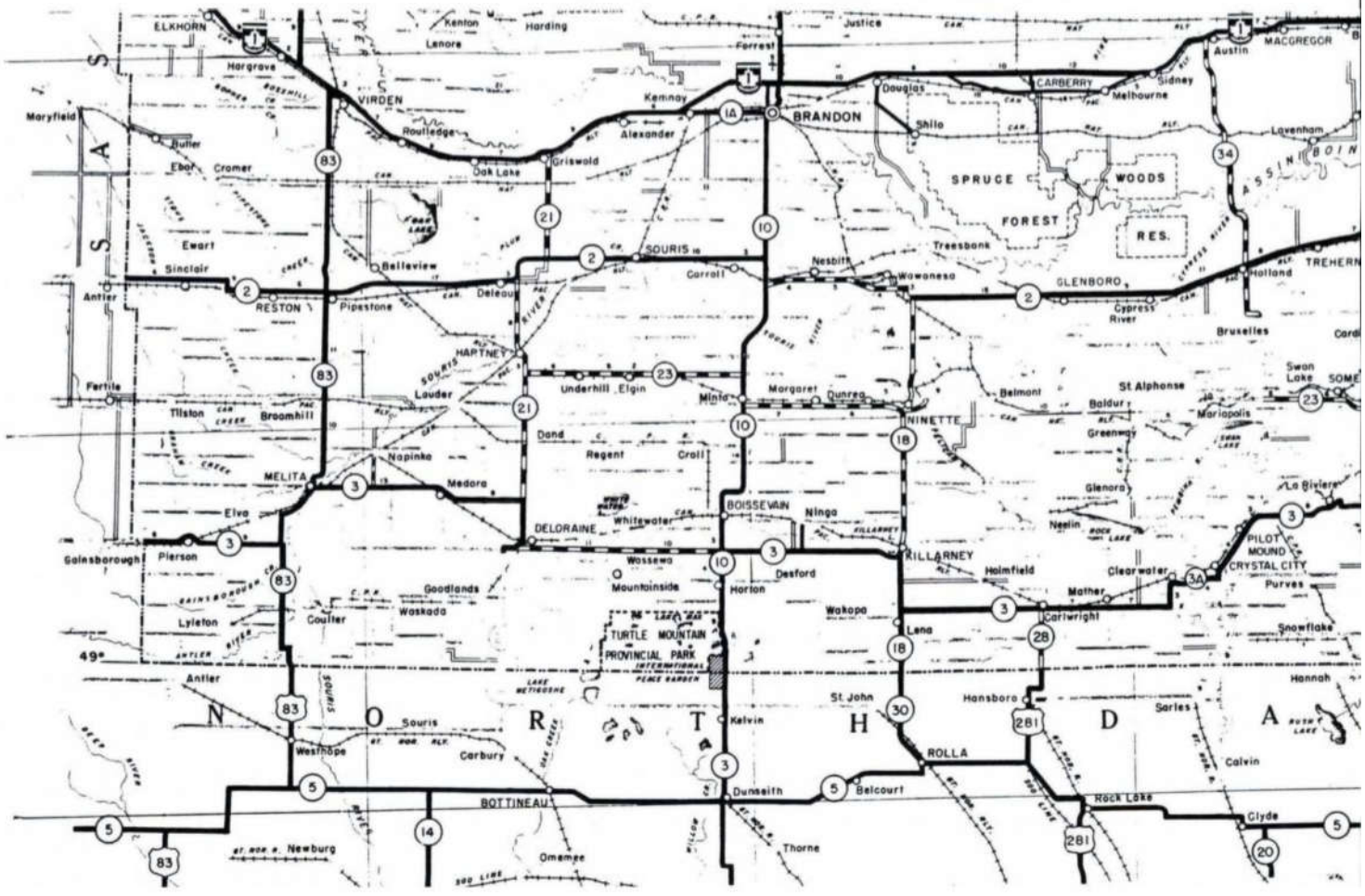
Several sections of the account in the Boissevain paper further emphasize the unique nature of the event. At the end of the day the police were able to report that they had had "an easy time of it, as splendid co-operation was extended by everyone, and not a single unpleasantness took place." This seems a modest way of recording the fact that 10,000 cars arrived along a single, recently gravelled north-south road, were parked in fields, and departed without a single accident.

A large, fully-equipped hospital tent had been set up, staffed by twelve nurses and four doctors on call, and a motor ambulance stood ready for any emergency. But here again good fortune smiled on the occasion: a few cases of fainting and some minor cuts received by children in the playground were the only mishaps the hospital had to deal with.

The day-long celebration was obviously a welcome diversion for people living on the farms and in the small towns of Manitoba and North Dakota. But they were not the only ones to be made aware of the significance of the day. The Boissevain paper reported that "the Fox Movitone Co. of New York showed a deal of interest in the event, for they sent two of their operators out to take movitone and films of the day's events. Four messages will be conveyed to hundreds of thousands of people of all nations and then the pictures will also be shown on the screen." Radio, still a young medium, also played a role. In an issue that appeared shortly before the celebration, the *New Era* of Melita, a nearby Manitoba town, promised that "the broadcast from the grounds will be taken care of by the Columbia Broadcasting System and will be taken up by CKX (Brandon, Manitoba) and CKY (Winnipeg), and an international hook-up will be made." It would be interesting to know whether any sound or film documents of the dedication are still in existence.

A closing note in the *Boissevain Recorder* account is an amusing reminder that three of the main concerns of rural people have always been taxes, the state of the roads and the feeling that the central government is a distant authority with limited interest in the welfare of outlying regions. The paragraph reads: "The

Those attending the Peace Garden ceremony came from small towns and farms all along the Manitoba-North Dakota boundary. In this old road map the Peace Garden is seen at the edge of Turtle Mountain Provincial Park.



The Peace Garden today is famous for its gardens, fountains and quiet walkways.

provincial government collected a gallonage tax from the town of Boissevain on Thursday last of over 500 dollars. There is not a question of doubt but what the government collected by way of gasoline tax was a great deal more than was expended in the gravelling of the road south of town."

Since that momentous day in 1932 the International Peace Garden has been slowly developed and beautified. In the early years roads were built and two artificial lakes created. The names of these lakes honour two men who gave many years of devotion to the Peace Garden project: the Mr. Udall of Boissevain who presided at the dedication and Judge John A. Stormon of Rolla, North Dakota. As the years passed other features were added: a lodge, a pavilion, an amphitheatre and an auditorium; an administration building, dormitories, a chapel, a peace tower and a bell tower; an arboretum, a floral clock and picnic shelters. Most spectacular of all has been the development of the formal gardens, now a showplace for all who appreciate the beauty of plants and flowers, as well as a learning centre for professional and amateur horticulturists. In the summer the Garden is the scene of an international music camp, where young musicians from both countries come to improve their skills and make music together. Since 1962 it has also been home in August to the Legion Athletic Camp at which young athletes, making use of superb facilities, learn to excel in a variety of sports. An interesting element of this camp is the bursary program which, by providing help to needy athletes, ensures that the camp will not be restricted to a financial elite.

Hubert G. Mayes Photo

Visitors to the gardens admire vividly contrasting flower beds, while national flags fly above.

Hubert G. Mayes Photo

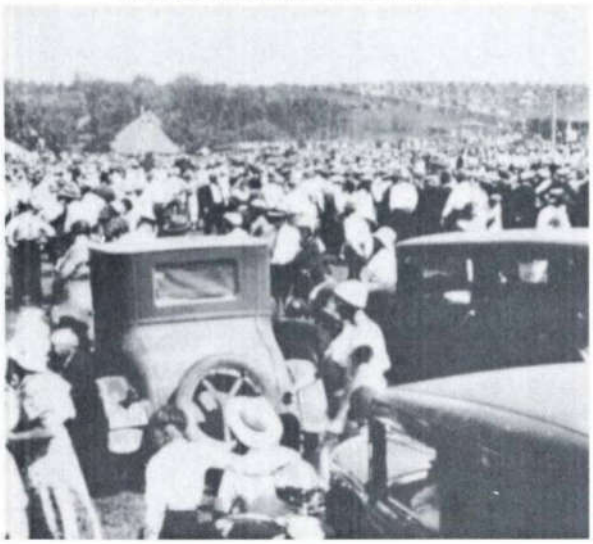
Blossoms, water, trees and sky make a dramatic vista on a summer afternoon in the gardens.

Hubert G. Mayes Photo

The floral clock is a favourite of visitors to the Garden.

Though the Peace Garden has been transformed by the hand of man, one of its greatest attractions is the beauty of the Turtle Mountain, which has been kept to a very large extent in its natural state. It is still a haven in which visitors can enjoy an atmosphere of uncommercialized tranquillity. These visitors are coming in increasing numbers, but the Garden is still not as well known as it deserves to be. In *The Canadian Encyclopedia*, where even the minutiae of Canadian history and geography have been so carefully compiled, there is no mention of it whatsoever. One reason for this lack of awareness is the location of the Garden: it lies off the beaten track of the two major highways that cross Western Canada. However, in the words of the Michelin Guides, it is "worth a detour". Those who come will see for themselves how one man's idea was brought into reality by a combination of his own determined efforts and the devotion of a group of men and women who were inspired by his vision. It might help visitors to realize how much has been achieved if they close their eyes for a moment and imagine the site as it appeared to those who took part in the opening ceremonies sixty years ago. ♦

Visitors of July 1932 would be amazed to see how the fields they saw then have been transformed in sixty years.



Hubert G. Mayes of Winnipeg is a frequent contributor to "The Beaver". In the past he has written on Lord Selkirk, Robert W. Service and Canadian links with France.

The King of the Road

By Allan Levine

THE RAILWAY KING OF CANADA
Sir William Mackenzie: 1849-1923
By R.B. Fleming. University of British Columbia Press, Vancouver, 1991. 340 pp., illus. $29.95.

Since before Confederation, each Canadian generation has had its own unique group of entrepreneurs and businessmen who have spent their lives and risked their capital to shape the country's future. Some have been motivated solely by the opportunity to increase profit margins, others by altruism and the sincere desire to improve the quality of Canadian life. Many like Sir William Mackenzie, most famous as the builder of the Canadian North Railway (with his partner Donald Mann), fall somewhere in the middle.

Determining the inner-thoughts and actions of any historical personality is difficult. Dead and forgotten businessmen are especially vulnerable; the life-long pursuit of wealth and status makes it easy to dismiss them as greedy and selfish characters. To get beyond this one-dimensional portrayal, a biographer should at least have access to his subject's correspondence, as historian Michael Bliss did in his excellent 1978 study of Joseph Flavelle. The fact that Flavelle saved everything he wrote or received — estimated at 250,000 pages — provided Bliss with a rich collection of papers to paint a picture of a complex Canadian millionaire.

R.B. Fleming has not been as fortunate since William Mackenzie left no personal and few business papers. Instead for ten years the determined Fleming, currently an honorary visiting fellow in Canadian Studies at the University of Edinburgh, amassed every news clipping and scrap of evidence he could find about the famous tycoon. He was even able to interview some of Mackenzie's relatives. Yet as admirable and dedicated a job as he has done, this first biography of William Mackenzie, while well-written, lacks the depth and insight that only an extensive archival collection could have provided.

Fleming leaves many significant questions about Mackenzie's important financial decisions unanswered,

Sir William Mackenzie

most notably what exactly prompted him to build a transcontinental railway at the turn of the century. Where Bliss was able to relate with reliable certainty the feelings, thoughts, influences, biases and ulterior motives of Flavelle, Fleming is forced to speculate about what made Mackenzie "tick".

The residents of Eldon Township, a farming community northeast of Toronto where William Mackenzie was born in 1849, always remembered that he and his family were "in a hurry". Indeed, by the time he was thirty-five, the ambitious Mackenzie had made a name for himself as a hard-working and successful railway contractor. In 1887 he joined forces with Donald Mann, whom he had met three years earlier, to construct part of a rail line in Maine. While Fleming acknowledges that this marked the beginning of one of the most dynamic commercial partnerships in Canadian history, Mann does not receive a great deal of attention in the book. Presumably this is because Mann too did not leave a rich legacy of papers. In any event, from Fleming's point of view, Mackenzie was the real brains of the operation, with Mann in the role of the dependable, trustworthy and obedient sidekick.

As Mackenzie's investments flourished, he turned his attention to electricity and street railways. Along with Joseph Flavelle, William Van Horne, Herbert Holt, James Ross, George Cox and Henry Pellatt, he belonged to that small elite group of Montreal and Toronto businessmen who, in an era without income taxes, made vast fortunes with commercial empires that touched every corner of the globe. Mackenzie started with street cars and electric companies in Toronto in 1891, moved on to Winnipeg and later to Britian and South America.

As has been well-documented, not everyone supported the private ownership of public utilities or accepted Mackenzie's nineteenth-century capitalist philosophy in which money talked and labour and everyone else obeyed. In writing about the Toronto Railway Company in 1906, journalist John Willison observed in an editorial in the *News* that Mackenzie "is an arrogant, tyrannical man who permits neither advice nor criticism, nor any questioning of his peculiar system of management that is really not a system but a disjointed, spasmodic and

intermittent jumble." Fleming generally dismisses such criticism of his subject and is content to describe each of Mackenzie's ventures in great detail. He argues, not always convincingly, that Mackenzie was a "creative, visionary, individual who took risks" and in the process almost single-handedly revolutionized the pace of life in Toronto and other cities by bringing them into the modern "electric" age.

His keen business sense and "instinct for markets and profits" were equally evident, at least intially, in the building of the Canadian Northern (CNoR). Back and forth, Mackenzie travelled from Canada to London in search of the large amount of capital required to fulfil his grandiose plans. He lived up to his reputation as a "wizard financier" who kept one step ahead of the competition — that is, until a downturn in the economy in 1913 and World War I brought the federal government into the picture permanently. Fleming's tale of the turbulent railway politics of the Laurier and Borden years and the rise and fall of the CNoR does not add much to the now-familiar story. But he does succeed, to a certain extent, in vindicating the much-maligned team of Mackenzie and Mann (considered in some quarters as "melodramatic crooks") for the national fiasco. "If Canada ended up with too many kilometers of railway lines," he writes, "it was the fault of politicians and voters as well as promoters".

It is probably safe to conclude that William Mackenzie was no saint. He had his fair share of detractors who regarded him as an unscrupulous "buccaneer". Fleming admits that Mackenzie was "wily, crafty, manipulative . . . quick to anger and apparently very intimidating." Even Donald Mann was said to have been afraid of him.

In one of the book's best scenes, Fleming describes how Mackenzie, with assistance from Mann, outmanoeuvered a German land company agent to gain control of lucrative Alberta coal fields. Yet stories of Mackenzie's family life, his role as father and grandfather, his generous support of the arts and charities and his good humour equally suggest that he possessed a softer side as well. In the end, it is hard not to agree with Fleming's sympathetic assessment that Mackenzie was a "human being with his share of the flaws and strengths common to us all."

Allan Levine is a Winnipeg historian and writer.

Culture Before Massey

By Angela E. Davis

MAKING CULTURE
English Canadian Institutions and the Arts Before the Massey Commission

By Maria Tippett. University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 1990. 252 pp. $40.00.

Making Culture is not a traditional art history text, concentrating on artists, styles, theories and influences, but a broad survey of the establishment of Canadian cultural institutions in the worlds of music, literature and the visual arts. It records the shift from amateur activity to professional and the emphasis placed on education, both in terms of practice and appreciation, and it examines the support systems, both private and public, which enabled the arts to become recognized and accepted. In the private sector, for example, theatres, art galleries, symphony orchestras and individual artists received financial assistance from such patrons as service clubs (the New Brunswick Rotarians supported an annual music festival, the Halifax Kiwanis sponsored Gilbert and Sullivan), private entrepreneurs (Donald Smith provided a scholarship for young musicians, Goldwin Smith helped to establish the Art Gallery of Toronto, now the Art Gallery of Ontario), and businesses such as Eaton's which, with the provision of a concert hall, offered a location for musical events of all kinds.

Public support for the arts came from the more rarified atmosphere of Government House and included the founding of the Royal Canadian Academy and the National Gallery of Canada by Lord Lorne in 1880, and the founding of the Dominion Drama Festival by Lord Bessborough in 1928. On a different level, artists were commissioned by vice-regal and political bodies to paint official portraits and design official monuments. Both private and public patronage was invariably tied to motives other than simply an appreciation of the arts: the furtherance of their own image was of primary importance to patrons (commercial philanthropy for Eaton's and national visibility for government). In one instance, however, that of state-supported radio in the 1930s, patronage succeeded in crossing boundaries not always achieved by city-based art galleries and theatres. Employment was provided for musicians and actors and at the same time a nation-wide audience was created for drama and music. While it may have had "a negative impact on the amateur musician in the parlour," the radio was, as many who lived on the prairies during the depression years have noted, of major importance in removing the sense of isolation (both geographical and cultural) so prevalent in many parts of the country.

The book also covers the difficulties Canadian art-lovers and art-makers experienced in relating to their artistic roots. While some recognized the impossibility of composing, painting or writing without American or British traditions influencing their work, others felt that Canadian and national

points of view should be paramount. Still others approved of an "openness" to international ideas, feeling that it was "a mistake to expect Canadian culture to assume a form and expression wholly different from the sources of its inspiration." By the time of the Kingston Conference of Canadian Art in 1941, however, artists felt secure enough to join together in the recommendation of changes in government attitudes towards the arts. Although the groups involved in preparing a "brief" to be presented to government in 1944 were unevenly representative of the arts (visual artists predominated), they were responsible for many of the recommendations subsequently put forward in the Report of the Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences. As Tippett makes quite clear, there was, by the time of the Commission, "a tradition on which to draw."

Making Culture is a valuable contribution to Canadian cultural history: not because the material covered is new to students and scholars working in the various fields of literature, drama, music and the visual arts (much of it is already known to them), but because Tippett has had the patience and skill to put it all together and, in the process, trace the creation of a national cultural consciousness of the arts prior to its being spelled out by the Massey Commission Report. She has not attempted to impose a theoretical argument on her subject-matter or to discuss the relative merits of "high" and "popular" culture. Neither has she entered into a debate concerning the separation of the arts from society as the result of the professionalization of artists and cultural institutions. Rather, she has presented her account in the straightforward meaning of "culture" as "the arts". And she makes it clear that the appreciation of, education in, and support of music, visual art and drama began at the beginning of the twentieth century and not half way through.

Angela E. Davis teaches at St. John's College, University of Manitoba.

Instruments of Power

By Ian McCulloch

WAR AND PEACEKEEPING
From South Africa to the Gulf — Canada's Limited Wars

By J.L. Granatstein and David J. Bercuson. Key Porter Books, Toronto, 1991. 266 pp. illus., maps. $39.95.

It has been said that a nation either has its own armed forces or it will have someone else's. A cynical statement perhaps, but an unfortunate reality when one truly examines the *raison d'être* for armed forces.

The Canadian Armed Forces are instruments of national power whose role is to promote and preserve national interests. Some types of operational missions they have conducted down through the last two centuries, whether militia or regular, include: territorial defence of Canada operations (the Fenian Raids); aid of the civil power operations (the FLQ crisis, Oka, the Riel Rebellion, the Kingston Penitentiary riots); domestic operations (unarmed assistance to government authorities such as fighting forest fires, flood control, etc); international peacekeeping operations (UN); collective security operations (NATO, Gulf War, Korea); and humanitarian operations (air lifts to Ethiopia and other countries in distress).

This long preamble to a review of Jack Granatstein's and David Bercuson's new book is necessary to put the book in proper perspective. The authors' introduction states that it is "the first book to examine Canada's 'other wars' from Confederation to the present in text and illustrations", (a rather strident claim to which Desmond Morton and George Stanley would probably not subscribe) and claims to "cover the whole Canadian military experience" not covered by companion volumes, *Marching to Armegeddon: Canadians and the Great War 1914-1919* and *A Nation Forged in Fire: Canadians and the Second World War 1939-1945* — in other words, the "leftovers". The dustcover notes add further scope to the magnitude of their *coup d'oeil* by proclaiming the authors "will portray the evolution of our fighting forces" and "tell the often neglected story of the 'little wars' which have contributed much to our military tradition". Unfortunately, the book fails to deliver on any of the above-stated aims satisfactorily.

In essence, the book is a pastiche of Canadian military events and actions that have occurred since

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1867. Arranged in chronological order, the vignettes are usually well written, but tenuously linked by a pedantic, political analysis that seems out of place in an advertised popular history (no footnotes or bibliography). This may stem from Granatstein's espoused belief that any history of Canada — "a country artificially created" — must always essentially be political (see "The Organized Man" — Writers of History, *The Beaver*, April/May 1991).

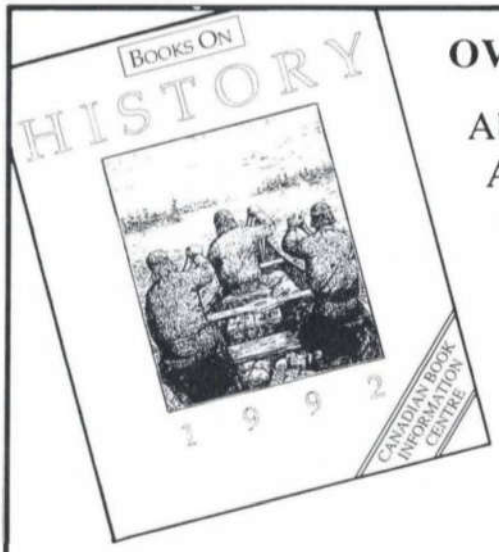
The book itself is "artificially" structured with three so-called "Ages" superimposed on the chronology of events: "The Age of Innocence" (1867 to the end of the Boer War); "The Age of War" (the collective security, UN-sanctioned, U.S.-led "police action" in Korea); and, "The Age of Peacekeeping" (1947 to the present day). While perhaps lending some credence to an ill-chosen title, this categorization of military "leftovers" since Confederation into "Ages" does little to enhance the narrative. Instead, it appears to have confused the storytellers themselves.

A perfect example of this is found in the last section: the presentation of Oka as a "peacekeeping" event in our military history. By the authors' own definition "the chief object of peacekeeping is to keep two potential combatants separated while diplomatic efforts are mounted to resolve their conflict". Oka was *not* a "peacekeeping" operation, but a difficult "Aid of the Civil Power" (ACP) operation and for the authors to imply otherwise, *viz.* Canadian troops were at Oka to act as a buffer between militant warriors and "a notoriously inefficient police force", is patently wrong. Canadian soldiers were expressly sent to the barricades at Oka and Kanawake to act as "special constables", legal and lethal extensions of the police force with a politically-directed mission to remove the barricades, by force if necessary, and bring lawbreakers to justice. While it can certainly be argued that the army's peacekeeping skills and experience may have stood them in good stead during many tense and volatile situations, it is a leap of logic to state that "the Oka and Mercier bridge affairs were classic examples of peacekeeping". They were, in fact, extreme examples of a provincial government, with Ottawa's approval, using the military as a force of last resort against its own citizens — a dirty, dangerous and demoralizing business that most soldiers do not relish.

While on the subject of ACP operations in our military history, I note the authors include the relatively mundane Yukon Field Force episode at the turn of the century when a few hundred regular soldiers trekked north to assist the NWMP during the wild and woolly days of the Klondike Gold Rush, but ignore the most serious and traumatic ACP operation ever conducted in this country — the FLQ crisis of 1970. The latter is a good example of "the Canadian military experience" upon which the authors have promised to enlighten us but, because it does not neatly fit into the authors' categorizations of "limited war" or "peacekeeping", they leave it out.

The Gulf War, lumped into "The Age of Peacekeeping" at the end of the book, is another example of pigeon-holing gone wrong. While chronologically correct in its placing, its inclusion disrupts an otherwise lucid passage on the worth and future of peacekeeping as a role for the Canadian Armed Forces. The authors, in a blinding statement of the obvious, admit that the Gulf War is "not a classic example of UN peacekeeping". To my mind it is not an example of any kind of peacekeeping. If indeed, this U.N.-sanctioned, U.S.-led armed intervention was so "much like the Korean War forty-years before", then perhaps it would have been better presented in a special section with Korea and other examples of Canadian participation in international "armed interventions" (Russia at the end of World War I springs to mind).

But all is not lost. Despite the poor structuring of the narrative, selective portrayals of "military" events,



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and excessive political pedantry, "War and Peacekeeping" is a visual delight. An excellent selection of prints, paintings and photographs abound, sufficient in themselves to make this book a collector's item. Special mention should also be made of Ted Zuber's vivid Korean and Gulf War paintings. The former works capture his first-hand experience and memories of action in Korea as a young scout and sniper; the latter, what he saw in the Gulf as Canada's official war artist.

It is the photography and paintings which give the reader the best feel for what Canadians faced during times of emergency and war at the maximum point of danger. It's a feeling the authors fail to convey adequately with their mis-directed focus on what political imperatives were the order of the day. More detail on what our armed forces actually did and how they contributed to our sense of Canadian identity and culture would have been much more illuminating. As an eminent British military historian, John Keegan, has rightly said, "it is not through what armies *are* but by what they *do* that the lives of nations and individuals are changed."

Major Ian McCulloch is a member of The Royal Canadian Regiment stationed at St-Hubert, Quebec.

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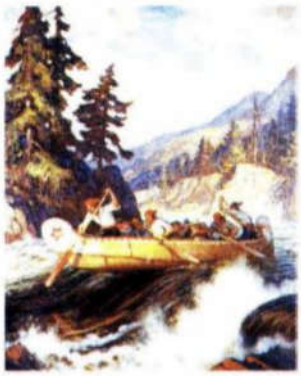

A. *Chief Trader Archibald McDonald Descending the Fraser*
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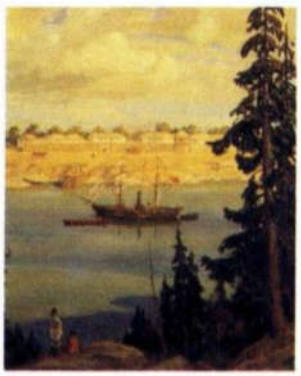

B. *S.S. "Beaver" Off Fort Victoria*
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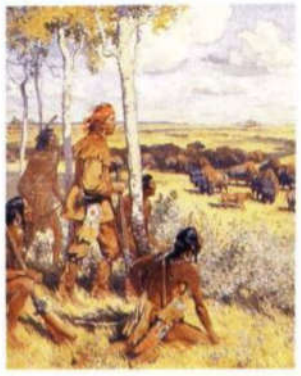

C. *Kelsey Sees the Buffalo*
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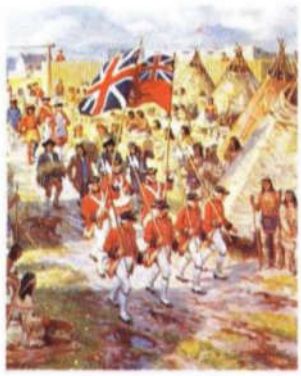

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THE PACKET

Letters, Notes and Opinion

A Problem on Parliament Hill

May I be permitted to add an environmental note to Ron Hotchkiss' splendid account of the 1916 Centre Block fire on Parliament Hill [*The Beaver*, April/May 1992]?

The fire at least solved a twin problem to which Mr. Hotchkiss refers: sanitation and ventilation. Not to put too fine a point on it, the old Centre Block stank.

Indeed, the sewer system was so nauseating that MPs became alarmed about their health and struck a special committee in 1873 to investigate and recommend. One suggestion was that new lavatories be built outside the Centre Block. But is was finally decided that the expense and inconvenience of an outdoor convenience would not be necessary with installation of a new flushing apparatus. Complaints about drafts and smells never ceased, however, until the fire eliminated them for good.

For today's tourists, there is a large outdoor privy on Parliament Hill. It is built into an earthen bank near the statue of Queen Victoria and under, approximately, the original site of a greenhouse built in 1879 and known as the "propagating house."

The most popular addition to the Hill was made in 1869, only two years after Confederation. A walk was built around the Hill 40 feet below the summit, which is 140 feet above the Ottawa River. It was a leafy, cool promenade in summer, with benches placed at open intervals for views of the river, Rideau Canal and Gatineau Hills. The walk was closed in the 1930s when the unemployed and other government-designated "undesirables" began sleeping on the benches and generally cluttering up the place. The walk's remnants can still be clearly seen on the cliffside during leafless winter.

A roadway was built around the base of the cliff in the 1970s. It is not ploughed in winter and it is flooded in the spring. In summer and fall about the only view it affords is of the glowering "Maginot Line" face of the Museum of Civilization on the opposite bank. Consequently the only people who use the roadway regularly are RCMP and House of Commons protective staff, in patrol cars, looking for any terrorists who might be trying to take the Centre Block from the rear.

Dave McIntosh,
Ottawa.

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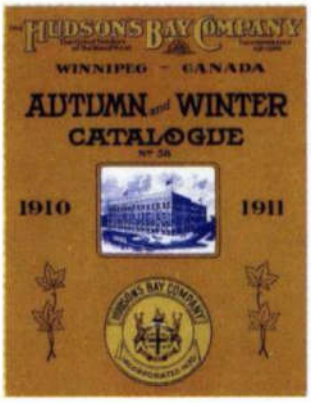

- ***HBC Catalogue, Autumn and Winter 1910-1911.*** A nostalgic look into the lives of our grandparents. A facsimile of the original edition. **$15.98 each.**

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Fisher Wins

Robin Fisher, Professor of History at Simon Fraser University in Burnaby, British Columbia, is the winner of this year's J.W. Dafoe Foundation Book Prize.

The prize, which carries an award of $5,000, is named in honour of John Wesley Dafoe (1866-1944), for many years editor-in-chief of the *Winnipeg Free Press* and a lifelong student of Canadian affairs.

Professor Fisher's prize-winning book is *Duff Pattullo of British Columbia*, a biography of the Liberal Premier of British Columbia (1933-1941), who fought a running battle with Ottawa over centralization of power throughout his term of office. The book was published by the University of Toronto Press.

Professor Fisher is a frequent contributor to *The Beaver* and other Canadian journals. His article on Duff Pattullo's journey to the Klondike gold rush appeared in the August/September 1987 issue of *The Beaver*.

CHRISTOPHER MOORE ● WRITERS OF HISTORY

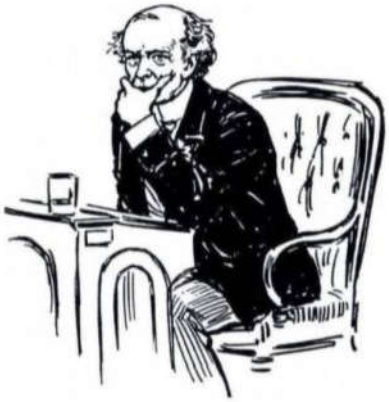
Some Canadian Worthies

As the rest of us start to think about the approach of the twenty-first century, the institution that produces "the most important books published in Canadian history since 1966" is getting ready to break into the twentieth. In 1990, the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography* published the last of twelve fat volumes covering some 6,500 Canadian lives lived between 1000 and 1900. Now, from its quiet offices above a private radio college not far from the University of Toronto, the DCB is preparing its first volumes on lives of the twentieth century.

Like many of the people to be included in these new volumes, however, the DCB has been finding the twentieth century stormy and unpredictable. In fact, if you have $200,000 handy, you could help a national institution find its way through a difficult time.

A dictionary of biography (and the DCB has forebears in Britain, France, and the United States, and parallel works in Australia, New Zealand and elsewhere) is above all a reference work, a line of volumes on the library shelf in which researchers check and confirm those indispensable nagging details they need. But the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography* has always been something more. As General Editor Ramsay Cook says, the DCB has always been "much more than simply lives. We try to set the life in context. We are very much interested in circumstances, in what the person represents."

For example? Cook points to the printing industry. Printers were important in nineteenth-century Canada, not just for their publications but also in politics, union activity, and town life. "So, in effect, we would want to 'find' some printers, not just for their own lives, but as part of our way to write the social, political, cultural history of Canada." DCB biographies are never Who's Who summaries. Each carries a piece of Canadian history.



Wilfrid Laurier: a shorter biography

Because the DCB has always had that attitude, each volume of the DCB is a window on the history of its period. Volumes of the DCB are organized chronologically, by date of death. That is, Volume 1 includes people who died between A.D. 1000 and 1700, while Volume 12 covers Canadians who died in the decade 1891-1900. It is a system that requires a certain amount of searching out death dates in the index ("Just when did John A. Macdonald die, anyway?") But it does permit a wonderful array of cross-references from each individual to his or her contemporaries. And any two or three adjacent volumes provide a complete portrait of a period.

A DCB reader discovers that, with some vigorous mining of the appropriate volumes, there is very little in Canadian history that cannot be explored in quite extensive detail through the DCB. Teaching in his own field, for instance, Cook finds the DCB unmatched as a source where anglophones can find detailed coverage of Quebec history. The DCB has a French-language twin, the *Dictionnaire biographique du Canada*, with its own offices in Quebec City. Between the DCB and the DBC, every word is published in both languages, so biographies based on new research by francophone scholars are available in translation in each DCB volume.

Fortunately, the DCB was never a prisoner of a Great Man concept of history — though men do vastly outnumber women in every volume. Each volume includes many obscure, minor, and often quite fascinating lives. Wealthy Calvin McQuesten would barely have noticed Katie McVicar during the years they both lived in Hamilton, Ontario, but they have adjacent entries in Volume 12, he as a founder of Hamilton's iron and steel industries, she as one of its first labour leaders. Noel Lola is included in Volume 8 partly for his life as a New Brunswick Malecite, but also for his later reputation as a restless ghost. As critic Wayne Grady noted, a national hero like Isaac Brock is apt to be commemorated only pages away from someone like Black Peter Byers who was hanged for petty theft in 1815. Grady called people like these "the minor characters in the vast historical novel that is Canada," people whom the DCB has consistently managed both to evoke and document.

James Nicholson, the founding patron who made the DCB possible, was himself one of these intriguing minor figures of Canadian life. Nicholson made a fortune early in this century as a dealer in birdseed. He was prominent in Toronto's business and social circles, but his only literary accomplishment was a guide to Canadian birds. In his private life, however, Nicholson was an avid reader of history and biography. In his much-thumbed personal copy of the British *Dictionary of National Biography*, he marked each biography he read with the date he read it. When he died, aged 91, in 1952, he left the bulk of his fortune for the creation of a national dictionary of biography for Canada. (The birdseed millionaire also left money to help pay the British national debt and to provide park benches in Toronto.) Nicholson's generosity led directly to the establishment of the DCB. It began operations in 1959, and soon it was supported by Canada Council funding as well as the Nicholson bequest.

At its origins, the DCB acquired a second and even more dominating character, Francess Halpenny. An editor rather than a biographer, Halpenny was then editorial director of the University of Toronto Press, which publishes the DCB volumes. Her involvement with the project grew steadily. In 1969 she became General Editor, a post she held for almost 20 years. At the same time, she was dean of the university's library school and she remained active in scholarly publishing. She became, in fact, a pillar of scholarly publishing and editorial excellence in Canada — accomplishments recognized by the Order of Canada, the Molson Prize, membership in the Royal Society of Canada, and many honorary degrees. When Pierre Berton recently compiled a list of 125 great Canadians and another 125 alternate choices, he included Halpenny on his runners-up list — no small feat for an academic editor. "She is just an extraordinary editor," says Ramsay Cook.

The DCB is likely to be Halpenny's greatest legacy, and her great legacy to it is the organizing principles and editorial standards she set for the project. I personally discovered those standards in operation when I contributed biographies of two very minor figures to an early volume. Confident that I was the only person in the world who knew anything substantial about these two people, I sent in my biographies — and was astonished by the detailed criticisms, and suggestions for further research promptly returned to me by the DCB staff. Ramsay Cook had a similar experience. About the time he succeeded Halpenny as General Editor, he wrote his sole biography for the DCB. Cook already knew his subject well; he had profiled Allan Pringle, an eccentric Napanee, Ontario, beekeeper and freethinking controversialist, in his Governor General's Award-winning study *The Regenerators*. Nevertheless, shortly after taking over as editor, he received from one of his staff, editor David Roberts, a critique that included a list of essential writings by Pringle previously unknown to Cook.

To decide whom to include in a volume usually limited to 500 or 600 biographies, the DCB staff assembles vast files of names and careers. Cook estimates that only a tenth of the names on file will become biographies, but the selection research provides a vast fund of background research. Few biographies are written by the DCB staff — more than a thousand scholars and writers have contributed so far, always for a very modest honorarium — but each life is assigned to an editor in Toronto or Quebec.

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When a draft biography comes in, the DCB's files become the basis for rigorous scrutiny by its editor and by Mary Bentley, the supervisory editor across whose desk every English-language biography now passes. Bentley says the staff tries to preserve each author's style and voice, but the editorial process often produces requests for substantial revision. Tardy contributors become the responsibility of another editor, Robert Fraser, whose colleagues call him "the enforcer." Fraser is about to spring into action again. Volume 13 must go to the press next April for publication in 1994. About 450 entries are in final form — but sixty biographies have yet to be received.

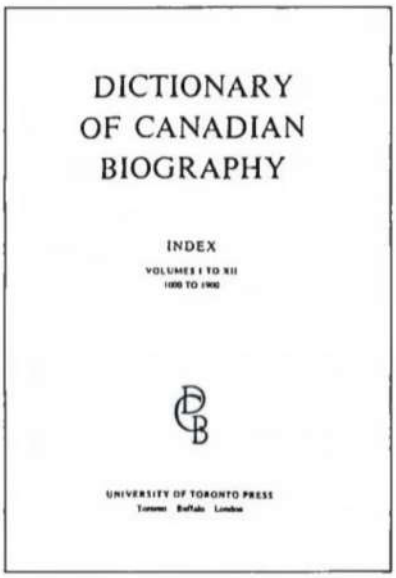
These processes have not eliminated every error from the DCB, nor averted every disaster. Despite all precautions, Volume 4 went ahead without General Frederick Haldimand, the British Governor of Quebec at a crucial stage of the American Revolutionary War, whose biography had to be delayed for Volume 5. Like most of the biographies where problems have arisen, that one is signed "In Collaboration" rather than with the name of the delinquent author.

The attention to detail which Halpenny made into a hallmark of the DCB, plus the need for translation, plus clerical and production requirements, demanded many hands. By the mid-1980s, the DCB had a staff of about thirty, and an annual budget of well over a million dollars, less than a third of which came from the Nicholson bequest. The rest was largely public funding, mostly from the federal government's Social Science and Humanities Research Council.

It now seems that Halpenny's tenure at the DCB coincided with the heyday of taxpayers' support for large historical research projects. Soon after Halpenny retired in 1987, the era came to an end, thrusting the DCB into a crisis more serious than anything an overdue biographer could produce.

In 1989, about the time Ramsay Cook succeeded Halpenny as General Editor, the DCB submitted its usual five-year funding request to the SSHRC. The DCB asked for $1.25 million a year, essentially to continue its existing level of support. With funds in hand, it launched into coverage of the twentieth century with seven volumes planned on the lives of 1901 to 1950.

Cook says no one anticipated the response. "If the SSHRC had told us we were getting out of hand, we could have made changes, but they were full of praise for what we were doing." In May 1989, the DCB received an "installment" of $500,000, pending an SSHRC



review of policies. In November 1989, the new policy was announced. No project would get annual funding of more than $500,000 — and the DCB had already had its half-million.

"Never having run anything in my life," says Ramsay Cook ruefully, "I started this job by laying off half the staff." In fact it was worse than that. Since many of the staff had worked at the DCB for 20 years or more, payment of their severances would leave only enough cash to lock the doors and close down the whole project. Desperate appeals finally elicited an extra $750,000 from the SSHRC to permit the project to survive. But the grant was conditional on the DCB raising a million dollars from other sources by the end of 1992.

Launched abruptly into fundraising, the DCB has so far raised most of that million — and sharply cut back its annual expenditures. The cuts have already affected what will be published. Cook insists that editorial standards will not decline, but the seven proposed volumes to 1950 are now just 4 volumes to 1940. Volume 12, the last on the nineteenth century and the last before the cuts, now seems destined to be the thickest DCB volume ever at 1,300 pages. Though the crowded twentieth century offers more names and more information to consider, new volumes will be less than two-thirds as long.

"We can't omit Wilfrid Laurier," says Cook, "but we know his biography will not be as long as Macdonald's [John A. died in 1891 and made it into Volume 12]. Who we do omit — or shrink — are the little people, which of course limits our objective of writing broadly the history of Canada."

To continue, the DCB will need about $750,000 a year, more or less indefinitely. It now has a blue-ribbon campaign committee, chaired by business executive Peter White, who began his interest in the DCB as a reader of it. A full-scale fundraising campaign is in the offing, and the DCB is thinking hard about how to raise its profile and increase its usefulness: a computerized CD-ROM version perhaps, or more support to high-school users of the DCB.

It is not an easy task. The DCB provides serious, reliable reference, not trumpets-and-drums, flag-waving history of the type which might command mass interest and massive corporate sponsorship. And having been in business for 30 years, it offers no start-up glory to a potential backer. It sells about 10,000

English and 5,000 French copies of each volume; impressive numbers, but hardly a profit-making proposition. A number of foundations and corporations, including Sears and the Royal Bank, are supporting the project, but so far no single backer has had the vision or the cash to match James Nicholson.

Still, the DCB is luckier than many scholarly projects in the new era of financial austerity and declining government commitments. Some major publishing projects have been cancelled. Others, including the *Historical Atlas of Canada*, have shared the DCB's struggle to raise enough funds to stay afloat. As private fundraising becomes essential, popularity and profile will weigh as heavily on a project's chances as its intrinsic scholarly importance. In those sweepstakes, the DCB may not be an easy sell, but it certainly has more appeal than say, a Dictionary of Old English.

It is likely to be a long time before Canadian history sees the launching of any research or publishing project to match the DCB. But at least the DCB exists. With luck, it may even survive to publish exquisitely produced biographies of James Nicholson (d. 1952), Francess Halpenny (still flourishing), and who knows who else. ♦

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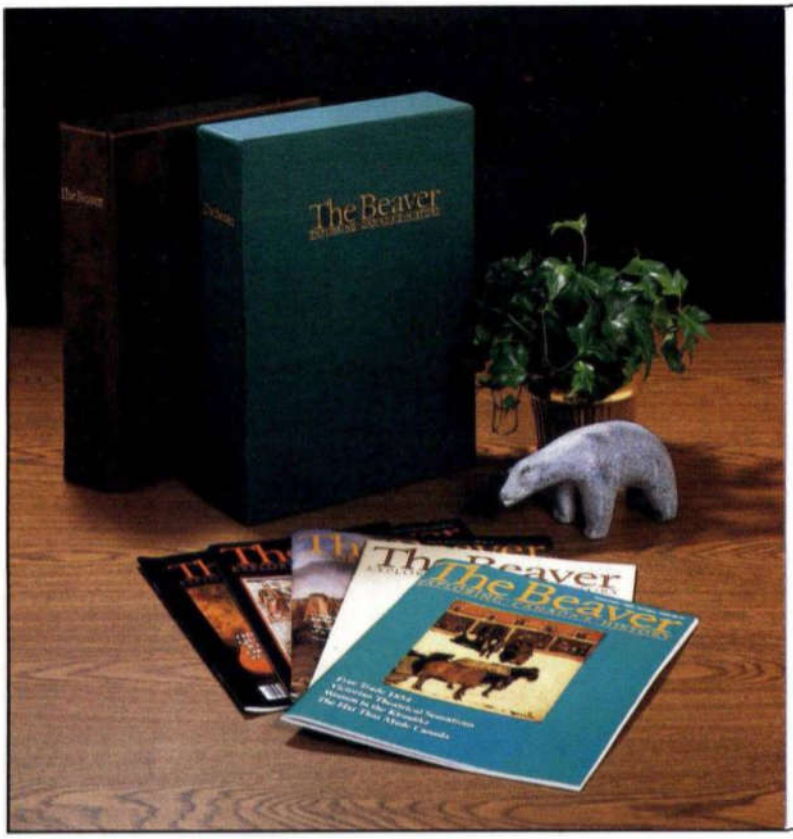

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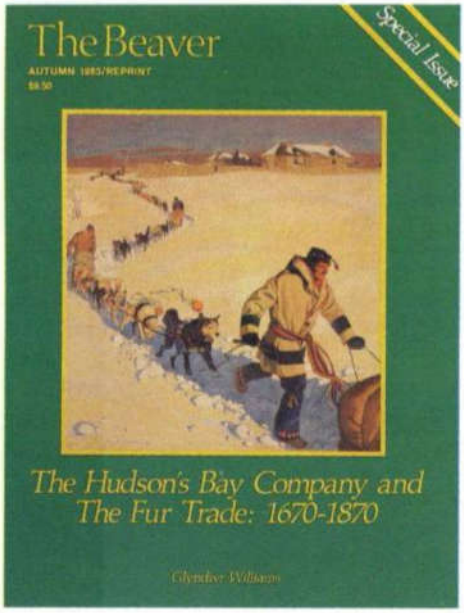

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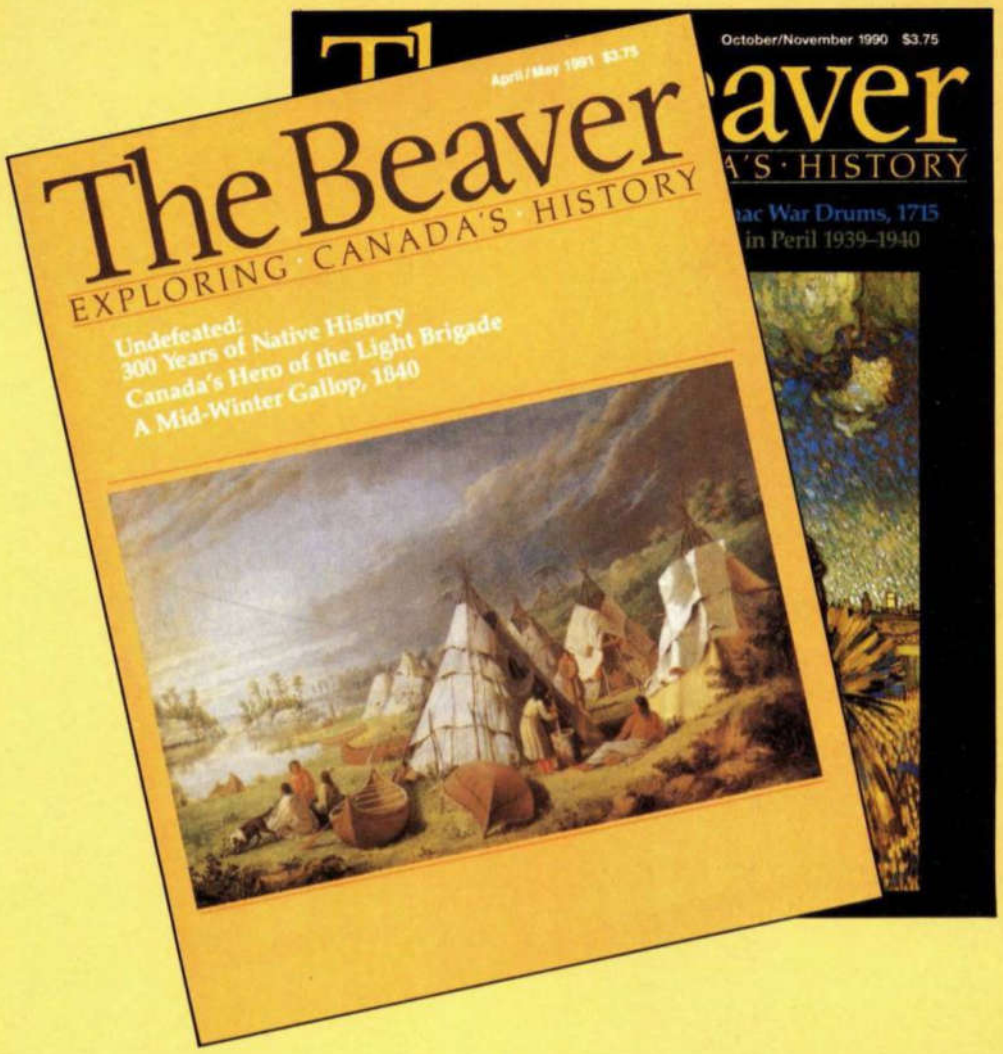

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